

The **Auburn Circle**

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The Auburn Circle

Spring 1983, Volume 10, Number 2

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A Note on Style

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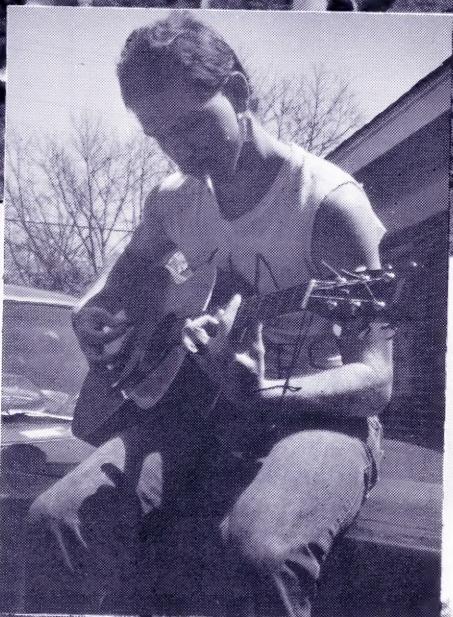
Cover by Vann Baker

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LIFE DURING WARTIME

Essay by Richard Forrest Fullerton, Jr.

Rugby. The very word connotes images of large men unceremoniously beating the hell out of one another. Perhaps it was the blatant appeal to my primitive instincts that induced me to try it, or perhaps it was merely a case of subconscious masochism. At any rate, equipped with an expensive new pair of rugby cleats and the hardest scowl I could muster, I set off for the field of manhood.

I arrived about fifteen minutes before the rest of the players began to saunter toward the practice field, yelling obscene greetings to one another. I had heard of the almost legendary foulness of "ruggers" and was suitably impressed by their arcane knowledge of oaths. One of the veteran players approached me and, taking note of my new sixty-dollar shoes, asked me if I'd ever played before. Not wishing to seem like a dilettante, I replied that I had "some" knowledge of the game. I soon found out that this was not a particularly good response, as I was then informed that I was to play "winger" in the ensuing scrimmage. This request was tantamount to asking me to perform brain surgery.

Nonetheless, I set myself to the task, resolving to learn my trade by aping the actions of my opposite number. This strategem worked fairly well, and I was not too badly out of position, most of the time, anyway. In this manner I began slowly to assimilate the basic rules of the game: no forward passing, no blocking, release the ball when tackled, and only tackle the man carrying the ball. Of course, the game has subtleties and complexities far beyond these few basic points, but these would have to suffice for now.

The needs of the moment also thrust upon me a whole new vernacular of terms that were totally alien to me, such as: "loose ruck"—when a tackled player releases the ball and there is a rather mad scramble for it; "maul"—when a player is tackled so that he cannot release the ball, and it must be torn from his grasp; and "line-out"—when the ball is taken out of bounds and thrown back in like a basketball tipoff.

Needless to say, the practice wasn't the smoothest undertaking I had ever pursued, but even it paled in comparison with the thought of the game we were to play in two days. When Saturday finally arrived, and we were about to leave for Fort Benning (the site of the match), I was nearly paralyzed with fear. Mercifully, I was not asked to play in the first game, or "A" side match. This portion of the game proceeded fairly uneventfully, with Auburn coming up on the short end of a 20-6 score. I was then shocked to learn that there was to be a second game, or "B" side match. I distinctly remember breathing a sigh of relief when I wasn't selected to play in this match either.

Then disaster struck. One of our players sustained a minor injury

which, while not too serious, required him to leave the game. One of the veterans called out, "Hell, let Ace play." ("Ace" was the nickname I acquired during practice, when the others couldn't, or wouldn't, remember my name.) There was general agreement to this suggestion, and I was motioned onto the "pitch," as they say in rugby. Mortified, I numbly staggered onto the field and took up my position on the wing.

On the ensuing play the ball was punted towards me. Determined to "strut my stuff," I conquered my fears and prepared to catch the ball and make a breathtaking run upfield. The ball hit me in the face and knocked me to my knees. So much for heroism. Well, I thought, I can still pick up the ball and run. As soon as I touched the ball, a man who looked like the winner of the Charles Atlas look-alike contest decided it would be interesting to see how many pieces I would break into if hit sufficiently violently. I recall that at this point I began considering the relative merits of chess. But being comparatively stubborn (and stupid), I resolved that, come what may, I would finish the match.

As play continued it became apparent that the sides were evenly matched. Going into the last five minutes of the match, the score was tied at twelve. Buster, our team captain, had the ball to within about ten meters of the Benning goal line when he was tackled. Just before he hit the ground, he managed to flip the ball back to me. Before I had time to be frightened, I took three steps and leaping over a fallen adversary a la Bo Jackson, tumbled into the end zone. As I hit, I heard a small but audible pop in my left shoulder. (I was to learn later that I had separated my shoulder.) But it didn't matter. The elation I felt upon scoring my first "try" (the rugby equivalent of a touchdown) would have surpassed any amount of pain. I had passed my test of manhood.

Afterwards, at the obligatory orgy of beer drinking that ruggers call a "party," I was as swaggering and obscene as the rest of them. The excitement of having contributed to our team's effort was a rush of adrenalin incomparable to anything I had felt before.

But there was more to it than just this elation. Oh, I know this sounds old-fashioned and chauvinistic, but to prove one's self as a *man* in front of *men* is something that the male ego places a high value on, be it killing his first buck, drinking his first beer or anything else. The symbolic passage from youth to manhood is still an important and uplifting experience. I know that in my case, that afternoon I gained a certain self-confidence, a certain maturity, if you will, that I would not have acquired without making, at least in my own mind, that passage. **C**



WE WANT THEM NORMAL

Honorable Mention, ΣΤΔ Short Story Contest

Fiction by Carolyn Reed

It was the middle of July when the Cabbage Woman moved into Shelby Smith's old place. Shelby was getting pretty old and his kids finally convinced him to move to Leisure Lodge. They rented his house out for him, and being from the city, as they were, (for they'd moved to San Antonio long ago), they didn't pay any mind to the sort of person that would move into their daddy's old place. I suppose that coming from the city you get used to a lot of folks that aren't exactly normal. The Cabbage Woman was definitely out-of-the-ordinary.

Picket, Texas, is a small town. Most of us who live here were born here; so were our daddies, in fact. Jake Habit, the mayor, is a fifth generation Picketeer. We're all a close group. Old Miss Ederly is always getting on someone's nerves with her crazy gossip, but most of us pay no mind to her. In fact, that's why none of us believed her when she told us about the new woman who'd moved into Shelby's old place.

Miss Ederly lived across the street from the Smith house and was the first to lay eyes on the newcomer. We'd all heard that our new neighbor would be a young woman by herself, and so naturally we had our suspicions, but none of us ever dreamed that she'd actually be really crazy.

The newcomer's name was Mrs. L. L. Freely. We never knew why she called herself a "Mrs.," we never saw a "Mr." And we never found out what those two L's stood for. A week after she moved in someone nicknamed her the Cabbage Woman, and ever since then that's all we've ever called her, except at the trial, naturally.

Anyway, as I said before, it was Miss Ederly that first saw this new woman. She was on her way to town to get her hair done when the U-Haul drove up the street. My wife, Candy, has the beauty parlor here, and

Miss Ederly was breathless when she came running through the door.

"Candy . . . the new woman is here! And you won't believe it . . . she was driving a big movin' truck by herself! There wasn't a man to be seen!"

Candy is a good natured sort and she'd learned long ago not to pay mind to Miss Ederly's carrying on.

"Come on, honey, let's give you a set."

"But Candy, darlin' you don't realize . . . this woman was wearin' what looked like a big bunch of greens on her head!"

Candy's real interest in life is what's growing out of other people's heads, so naturally she wanted to know more about this woman.

"Are you sure, Miss Ederly? Maybe she'd tried to dye it, and it came out green. I've read that when the Mexicans try to dye their hair it comes out lookin' kind of strange."

"No darlin', this woman was whiter than you and me put together. She was wearin' a hat, I tell you! And there was a bunch of green stuff pokin' out all over her head."

Candy, being the sweet girl that she is, decided that Miss Ederly had had a bad dream and gave her an extra firm set. But when Miss Ederly had left the beauty parlor to go inform Sue Conners at the drugstore about the new woman, Candy came over to my office and told me the news.

I run the local paper here in Picket, *The Picket Star*, and this being such a small town, I have to look hard for my news. I was already planning to write a paragraph in the Town Buzzings about the new woman in Shelby's place. Candy's story was interesting, but I agreed that Miss Ederly must have just had some sort of nightmare; she's at least seventy-five years old, and old people start to get mixed up about what

they think they saw and what they actually did see. But I was going to go over to the Smith place anyway the next day for my interview. I told Candy to make one of her good pecan pies and come with me.

In the meantime, Miss Ederly had informed all of Main Street about the new member of our community. Nobody paid much mind to her, it being a Friday and everyone working. Poor old woman, for once she was telling the truth and nobody was believing her.

The next morning Candy and I walked down to Alamosa Street to meet our new neighbor. The place looked pretty messed up; the U-Haul was parked in the middle of the front yard and there were boxes all over the porch. We knocked and waited a good while until a small woman poked her head out the front door. Candy's mouth fell wide open, and I must have looked pretty surprised myself. There she was, our new neighbor, wearing a hat covered with cabbage leaves!

"Hi," I said, trying to act real normal. "My name is Billy Wade and this is my wife, Candy."

"Hello. My name is L. L. Freely. It's nice to meet you all," she said, opening the door a little wider.

Candy was still staring at Mrs. Freely. I nudged her to shut her mouth. That's a bad habit of Candy's, letting her mouth hang open like that. Candy tried to smile at the other woman. She held the pie out to her.

"Why thank you. Is this pecan? It looks delicious but if it has any sugar in it, I'm afraid I can't eat it. I don't eat sugar, you see. I'm sorry."

Candy's always been real proud of her cooking. She's won the Picket Pie Contest for the past four years. She'd never had anyone turn down one of her pecan pies

before. This was something new to her, and I could tell right then that she didn't like it. I'd never heard of anyone who didn't eat sugar. This woman was strange. I wanted to get my interview over and take Candy home.

"Mrs. Freely, I own the local paper here, *The Picket Star*, and I was wanting to write a paragraph about you to put in the Town Buzzings' column."

I thought she looked a little scared when she said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Wade, but I don't give interviews. I'm here for some peace and quiet. I need some time for myself. I'd rather remain unknown."

Remain unknown? In Picket, Texas? The woman was insane!

By the end of the week everyone in Picket knew about the new woman, and we all agreed that we didn't like her. I can't say she wasn't friendly; she was always smiling and all, but there was just something about her. We decided that she must be from up North someplace; her accent sounded real strange. And we had never known someone who wouldn't tell anyone her first name, didn't like sugar, and on top of that, wore cabbage leaves on her head.

The Cabbage Woman was a funny looking sort. She was real small with short red hair cut like a boy's. Her eyes were big and grey and kind of stuck out of her head. She didn't have any cheeks. I could tell right off that she was kind of sickly. Candy didn't like the way the woman dressed.

"Billy, I can't get over her! I've never known a woman who didn't care two cents about the way she looked. Those old green bermudas and that outrageous hat! Well, it's just tacky, that's what."

I'm not too aware of women's fashions, myself, but I'd trust Candy's opinion. She is always reading one of those new fashion magazines. All I knew is that the Cabbage Woman didn't look like much of a woman to me. The boys down at the pool hall would joke about her:

"Do ya reckon she's really a woman?"

"I sure can't tell. She got littler tits than you or me!"

As the summer went on the situation with the Cabbage Woman got worse and worse. We didn't like the way she was treating Shelby's place. She dug up the

strawberry patch in the side yard and planted six rows of cabbage. It wasn't even cabbage planting time! The yard looked real bad; I tried to send my boy Ben over to mow the lawn, but the woman wouldn't hear of him cutting her grass. "It has a right to live too," she said.

Miss Ederly was, for the first time in her life, a real celebrity. She'd stroll around in her front yard pretending to look through her binoculars at the blackbirds on the Jones' scarecrow. But she was really watching the Cabbage Woman's every action. She kept us all informed on the latest strange happenings going on at 41 Alamosa Street. Obviously the Cabbage Woman really was some kind of writer, or at least thought she was. According to Miss Ederly, she'd drag her typewriter out on the front porch every morning at six o'clock and wouldn't stop typing until noon. She'd always be wearing that silly floppy hat covered with cabbage.

The Cabbage Woman had adopted every stray cat in the neighborhood, and every evening she'd put some kind of mask on her face and line up bowls of milk along the front walk. We didn't believe Miss Ederly when she told us this piece of news, so Clair Habit, Jake's wife, went over to see for herself if this rumor was true. When she got there, there was the Cabbage Woman in her crazy mask pouring milk into seven little pie pans down the front walk. Clair is a real outspoken woman, and she came right out and asked the Cabbage Woman what she was doing with that mask on her face.

"I'm allergic to cat hair," the woman explained.

"Well," said Clair, "I'm allergic to the rag weed behind the courthouse, but I don't find it necessary to put a mask over my nose everytime I walk by."

"Perhaps, Mrs. Habit, you should. You wouldn't always have to be blowing your nose. It's very red, you know."

This was too much for Clair Habit. Sure, her nose is mighty red alright, but that's nobody's business but her own. Besides, she's real sensitive about it. Candy gives her some kind of cream to help her cover it up anyway. Clair, after telling the Cabbage Woman that she should mind her own business, turned right around and marched over to tell Miss Ederly about "that rude

woman across the street."

Clair went home and told Jake about it. That night they had Candy and me, the Jacobses, and Sue and Andy Conners over for a barbecue. While the girls were inside fixing the coleslaw, us men stood around the grill in the back yard and tried to figure out what to do about the situation.

"She's a detriment to our community," Jake said. "I just don't like what's goin' on. She's messed up old Shelby's place, and she's rude to everyone in town. Do you think you could talk to her, Al? Find out what her problem is?"

Allen Jacobs is the Baptist preacher here in Picket. He's usually the man that does all of Jake's dirty work. Of course he gets paid for it; and dealing with the town's sinners is the Christian man's job.

"Well, I could try, Jake, but I think the woman is an atheist or a Catholic—same thing as far as I can tell. Betty says she saw her walking to the Mexicans' Catholic church last Sunday. You know as well as I do that she never has come to Picket Baptist."

"Do you think she's sick or something, Andy?" I asked.

Andy Conners is the doctor here in Picket.

Everyone had been thinking to themselves that this must be the problem, but I was the first to put it into words. Nobody said anything. Andy looked up at the sky for a few seconds.

"Yes, Billy, I think she probably is."

Dr. Andy Conners is by no means a mind doctor or anything. He mainly treats colds and bandages up sores. But he'd always dreamed of becoming what he'd called a "psychiatrist," in other words, a doctor that deals with people who are sick in the head. He's read a lot of books on the subject, so we were convinced that he knew his business.

"Well," said Jake, "we've got to do something about this. It isn't safe for the community to have a crazy Catholic or atheist running around. Much less one who for some reason wears cabbage leaves on her head."

Nothing more was said for a while. Miss Ederly's cat had moved across the street, which was a major crisis in the woman's

life. Tibby had lived with his mistress for fourteen years. Miss Ederly went to the Ladies' Club meeting in tears.

"That nasty cabbage character across the street has stolen my poor little Tibby!"



On Tuesday, August 23, Jake asked me to meet him in his office; Andy and Allen were there too. The time had come; we had reached the point where we had to take action.

"Well, Allen, did you talk to her?"

"I tried, Jake, but it was just as bad as trying to teach a five year old to love Jesus Christ. She told me she didn't want to 'purchase any Bibles' and asked me to please leave her alone. I tried to explain that if she'd just get Saved, everything would be fine. But do you know what she said to that? 'Save yourself, Mr. Jacobs, before it's too late.'"

"What about you, Andy? Do you think you've got a case?"

"I know I do. She shows every sign of being a schizophrenic psychopath. I believe that she could be dangerous."

I asked Andy how he managed to examine her. He said he didn't actually examine her personally, but he got a full report on her daily actions from Miss Ederly.

"Well," said Jake, "that does it. I won't have that woman disturbin' our community any longer! I think she should be sent to

Pleasant Hills before the situation gets totally out of hand."

We decided to have a sort of trial. We could get Miss Ederly to witness the fact that her cat was stolen by the woman. The Pastor Allen Jacobs could describe her unorthodox attitude, and Dr. Andy Conners could obtain the medical evidence. Every member of the community was a witness to at least one of Mrs. L. L. Freely's acts of complete insanity. It would work just fine.

Jake called the board of Pleasant Hills and the trial was set for September 1. I told him that we ought to give her a chance to leave town on her own, but I was outvoted. She was dangerous, they said. Just to make it real official, Jake called one of his judge friends in from San Antonio. And Andy got a psychiatrist friend to come over from Tateville to assist him in the medical aspects of the case.

On the morning of the trial, Jake sent an officer over to 41

Alamosa to get the defendant. She was real confused and upset (a sign of her illness, Andy said); she kept insisting that she be let go, that this was "unconstitutional." Everyone was there. Miss Ederly was proudly sitting in the front row between Andy Conners and Allen Jacobs. Since I was covering the trial for the press, I naturally had free roam of the courtroom. Candy sat about four rows back with Betty Jacobs, Sue Conners and Clair Habit.

The trial went smoothly. Two officials in white coats came down from Pleasant Hills. The San Antonio judge was sitting up front with Mayor Habit. And a Dr. Dips from Tateville was with Dr. Conners.

Miss Ederly was the first to give evidence. She stood up in front of the courtroom looking real pleased with herself; Candy had given her a set the day before.

"Yes, this woman ya'll have caught is a real nut. She's messed up dear old Shelby's place; she pulled that nice strawberry patch right up and tried to plant cabbages. She's never friendly enough to come to the curb for a chat. All she ever does is poke at that old typing machine. By the way, I think

that's illegal; disturbing the peace, that's what I'd call it!"

Miss Ederly was getting carried away, so the judge asked her to please just explain the cat incident. With the reminder of her cat, Miss Ederly started crying so violently that she had to be helped back to her seat.

When the judges questioned Mrs. Freely about the catnapping, she denied ever having taken Tibby.

"This situation is totally ridiculous. The old woman probably tries to feed him Tiny Tuna Tidbits or something. I was feeding all of the other cats, so he decided to come over and join us."

She looked impatient and irritated.

"Can I please go now? I have to get back to my typing."

The judge explained that the trial was just beginning and asked her to please try to control her rudeness. He asked Brother Jacobs to please give his evidence.

"Fellow Christians, we have here with us a woman who has refused to let Jesus Christ enter her soul, a woman who is a follower of Satan! She is trying to lure us all into the eternally burning chambers of Hell! Are we going to let this happen, or are we going to be strong, faithful Christians and clean ourselves of this evil influence? I have tried to help this sinful woman see the Light, I have spent many hours praying for the cleanliness of her soul. But Satan has got full control over her! There is no goodness in her, there is no God in this woman!"

The Cabbage Woman was shaking. We were all shaking. Al Jacobs was a good preacher. Mrs. L. L. Freely looked real scared and kind of wild. She tried to stand up, but the officials were in control of the situation and held her down.

"You all are a bunch of hypocrites! You, of all people, have no right to criticize me this way!"

Dr. Conners was the last to give evidence. He stated that Mrs. L. L. Freely's behavior was not at all normal.

"She has every sign of being a real psychopath. All you have to do is look at her and you can see the symptoms of malnutrition. She is prone to cat allergies, and she is so mentally deranged that she does not feel socially acceptable without wearing cabbage leaves on her head."

Dr. Dipps added that sugar was an absolute necessity for the proper functioning of the brain. Since she refused to eat sugar, her brain was incapable of performing normally. He claimed that she was an obvious schizophrenic.

The two officials from Pleasant Hills looked real pleased with how we were handling the case. The Institution wasn't doing too well, and the Cabbage Woman would be useful in their experimental programs.

A few more questions were asked and

the trial shortly ended. The Cabbage Woman was looking real confused. She seemed to have gotten over being real wild and she started to cry, which naturally got the girls going. I was thankful that Candy had remembered her kleenex; she gets real emotional at times like these.

Finally, the white Pleasant Hills officials took her away. We all agreed that she'd be happier there. She walked slowly between them carrying that silly hat of hers. It had come to the surface in the trial that she

thought those greens kept her head cool. She was really far gone.

There's a real nice little family living at the Smith place now. Ted Norman is an insurance man, and his wife Mary Ann is real active in the P.T.A. They attend Picket Baptist every Sunday, and it's real nice having them in the community.

We want to know our neighbors. And we want them to be normal. ☺

Street Moves

Often at midday I slouch upon
the sunstained boards
of my porch
and view
girls and
negroes and
dogs, while they pass.

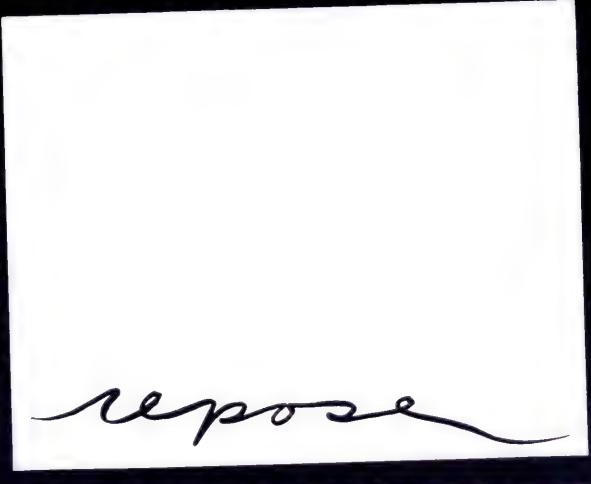
Sometimes I smile and say
"Hey—what's happening"
or turn my gaze
elsewhere
with a pitiful snap
of my
head
or chucklenotlaughchuckle
and whistle wheeoowheeeep.

As they
pass
they always look
towards
me.

John Dodd



Sluggish



repose



agitated



threat



push



fretful

These illustrated words are projects from Dr. Nancy Hartsfield's typographics class. Even though legibility is required, it is not a prime factor. The students strive to communicate the meaning of the word through the shapes and

relationships of figural and spatial elements. Works by: Mary Welhaf (sluggish), Kim Premeaux (repose), Freda Hollingsworth (agitated), Eric Smith (threat), Melanie Morrison (push), and Kyle Rauschkolb (fretful).



Liza Kestes 83

TAKING STOCK

The Mother and Apple Pie 50s, The Earth Mother 60s,
and The Executive Ms. 70s — Can The 80s Woman Be Stereotyped?

Essay by Heather Mélèse

We were the pampered generation. The Post-War Baby Boom. And being female, we were the most pampered of all. We took what we wanted out of the world we were given and made a lot of changes along the way.

Now, three decades after the fact, many of us have reached that point in our lives when we take stock and ask ourselves who we are, where we're going, and why. But there are no easy answers.

We are the product of three different decades — the Mother and Apple Pie 50s, the Flower Power 60s, and the Executive Ms. 70s. Each decade changed us, shaped us, gave us something special. Each decade is part of us, pulls at us, refuses to let go. But there are no easy answers.

In the 50s we dreamed of high school: stockings and garter belts, stiletto heels, lurid lipstick, rouge, teased hair, padded bras, sweater sets, and dates. We expected to marry, to obtain society's "free meal ticket" and the vicarious rewards therein. We knew all about "bad girls" who "did it" and "good girls" (who sometimes "did it," but didn't get caught), and regarded sex as a tool, that promise of something wonderful that would "drive a man crazy," and virginity, either maintained or judiciously surrendered, as the means of avoiding the humiliation of spinsterhood. We knew that if we hadn't managed to "trap a man" by the end of grade 12, we could become secretaries (and marry the boss), or nurses (and marry a doctor), or pursue liberal arts at a university (and snag a pre-law student). Once married, we would have lots of children. We were pre-pill, and children were inevitable and necessary — women didn't work, unless they HAD to (the ultimate male ego-crusher), and children nicely filled in those idle daytime hours, along with sewing, baking, coffee parties and bridge clubs. We went to church every Sunday, and life was solid, complacent and predictable. Television depicted our ideal woman — Donna Reeds and Mrs. Andersons (who, unlike Father, never knew best); or wily, conniving women who always tried to put one over on their man, and sometimes succeeded — we all loved Lucy.

And then came the 60s. The pill, grass, magic mushrooms, love-ins, "Hair," Beatlemania, bare feet, "finding ourselves," gurus and Vietnam. We idolized Twiggy, Cher, Julie Christie and Joan Baez. Life was suddenly impermanent, exciting, and enticing — a psychedelic butterfly you had to reach out and grab. And reach out we did, in peace marches, sexual and hallucinogenic experimentation, and forays into communal life ("copping out" or "where it's at," depending on your point of view), Flower Power, "Make Love,

Not War," Haight-Ashbury, Hippies, "Do Your Own Thing." It was a time for experimentation, for opting out, turning on, for turning our backs on Donna and Lucy, for forging ahead, for having it all. We liberated our breasts, wore shawls and peasant skirts, and went without make-up. We dined on bean sprouts and Tofu, crunched granola and carob cookies, and devoured *The Prophet*. We married, but we wrote our own vows and read them in parks. We named our children Kahlil and Chastity, plotted our lives according to numerology forecasts, and searched for Nirvana. We meditated and, in post-trance rap-sessions, derided materialism, capitalism, conservatism and traditionalism — in short, everything the 50s had taught us. We were all-knowing, all-seeing, frantically searching for something, but going so fast we had no time to discover it.

When the 70s finally arrived, Flower Power wilted and died. We moved on to *I'm OK, You're OK*, Dr. Stillman's Diet and ERA. We no longer aspired to secretarial positions, but aggressively climbed, clawed, fought our way to the top. We were informed, well-trained, practical, and in control. We oozed self-confidence. Gloria Vanderbilt, Bette Midler, Gloria Steinem, and Margaret Thatcher became our role models. We scorned women who stayed at home to propagate the species, looked down on 60s style Earth Mothers, pitied women who meekly accepted menial, subservient employment, and ridiculed those who had not yet learned the subtle use of color-coordination, or the superiority of Gucci over Woolworth's. We became gourmet cooks and wine experts, took up aerobic dancing, and learned how to repair flat tires and toasters. We wore designer jeans, the "layered look," and tailored suits. We returned to bras, cut and permed our hair, plucked our eyebrows, shaved our legs and wore make-up once again. We were constantly on the alert for signs of chauvinism and called ourselves "Ms." We subscribed to *Playgirl* and no longer looked to men as providers or crutches to carry us through life, but rather as purveyors of sex. One-night stands, the "Zipless...," living together — we did it all. When we did marry, we opted for open marriages (civil ceremonies, of course), with pre-nuptial contracts to facilitate the divorce proceedings. The birth rate fell and what children we did create were packed off to day care centers or to Grandma's. We'd come a long way, baby.

Broad generalizations? Obviously. There were, of course, women in the 50s who managed companies, women in the 60s who married doctors and enjoyed being "just a housewife," women

in the 70s who wore flowers in their hair and "tripped-out." But the patterns were there. And most women held true to type, more or less.

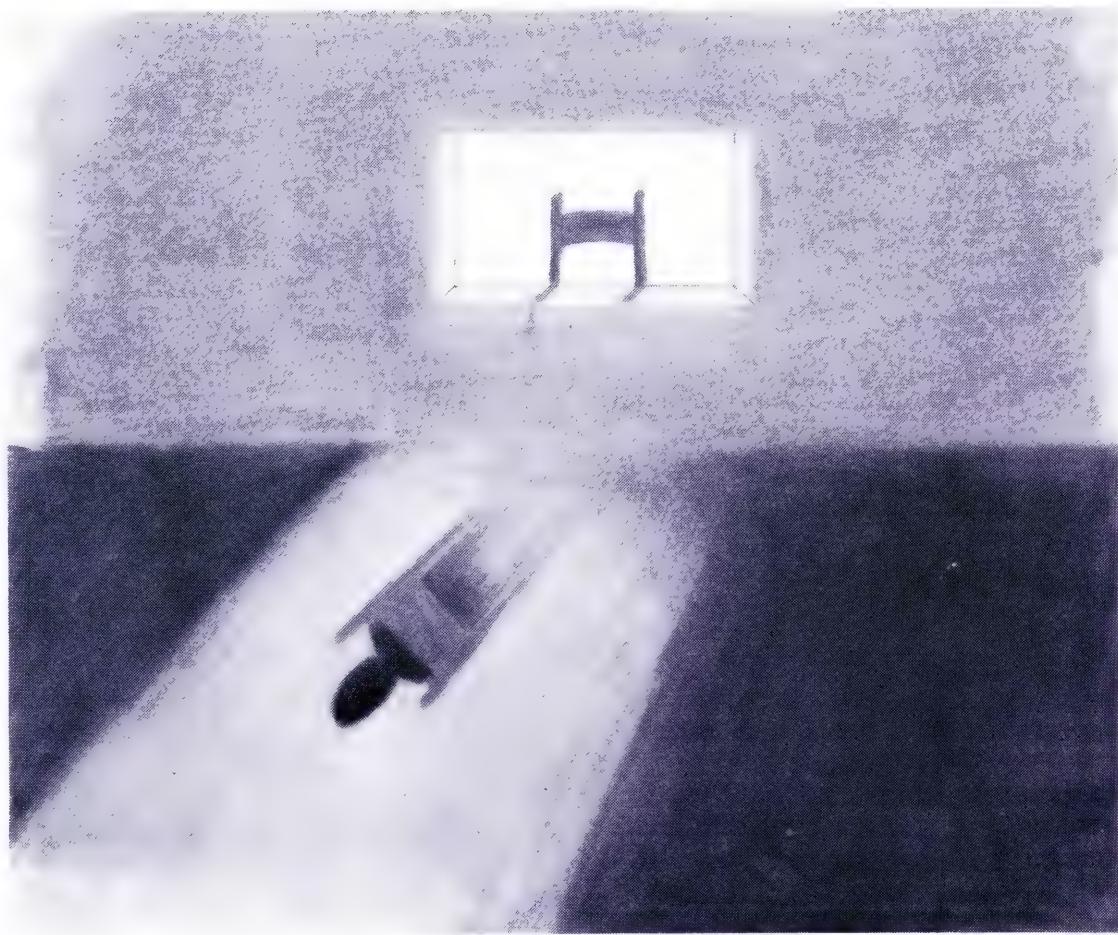
And now we find ourselves in the 80s — the decade of the "Super Woman." The decade of multiple roles — "Little Woman," "Earth Mother," and "Executive Ms." — played simultaneously, and to perfection. "80s Woman" scrubs her kitchen floor to a glossy sheen, effortlessly whips up a gourmet dinner for six, is a dedicated mother, pursues a brilliant career, jazzercises and jogs, sews her own designer wardrobe, fashions wonderful little Christmas gifts out of bits of nothing, subscribes to *Business Week* and *The Wall Street Journal*, has season tickets to the theatre and the stadium, is secretary of the local chapter of Amnesty International and president of the P.T.A. She's politically active, philosophical, elegant, tough, speaks at least one foreign language (without trace of an accent), is passionately involved with an impoverished, unpublished poet who's at least six years her junior, and, in her spare time, she's writing a novel. At least, that's what we're led to believe.

And, sadly enough, we do believe it, and try to be it: the consummation of all those things we were taught in the 50s, that we experienced in the 60s, and fought for in the 70s. As a result, we now have our fingers in so many "pies" (three and a half decades of them), that we actually do very little "to perfection" — fill few of our roles even adequately. Pushed and pulled by so many conflicting desires and taboos, motivated by the dreams and ideals of such divergent times, traumatized by the impending betrayal of past and present expectation, we find ourselves standing still.

But it's our own fault. We *wanted* to be liberated, we *demanded* that society allow us to do our "own thing," we *insisted* not on redefining woman but on rendering her "definitionless." And we succeeded. There is no longer any such thing as "Woman's Role." You name it — we do it. Or at least try to, or think we should.

And this is perhaps the root of our stock-taking dilemma, the explanation of our confusion, the source of our frustration. The cornucopia of life is spilling out on us, and we don't like it.

You see, we were the pampered generation. ☐



Charcoal Drawing by Ben Stewart

Another Golden Pond

Images of you float
in gentle swells on the backwaters
of life where lovers canoe,

a hyacinth of the wilderness
whose sweet perfume lures me through
those verdue pads of green against the blue
water that buoys us both

in suspension between earth and air
for those rare moments when pure emotion
is cloyed like honey in our mouths.

Visions of you rise
like the elegance of lilies gold
blooming to greet the sun,

a flower of the morning
laden with dew sparkling bright
on the texture of petals murmuring
the sound of bees

over nectar gathered
around the stile that rises
to penetrate a cloudless sky.

Memories of you stream
before me like a dance of wild flowers
across the eddies of time,

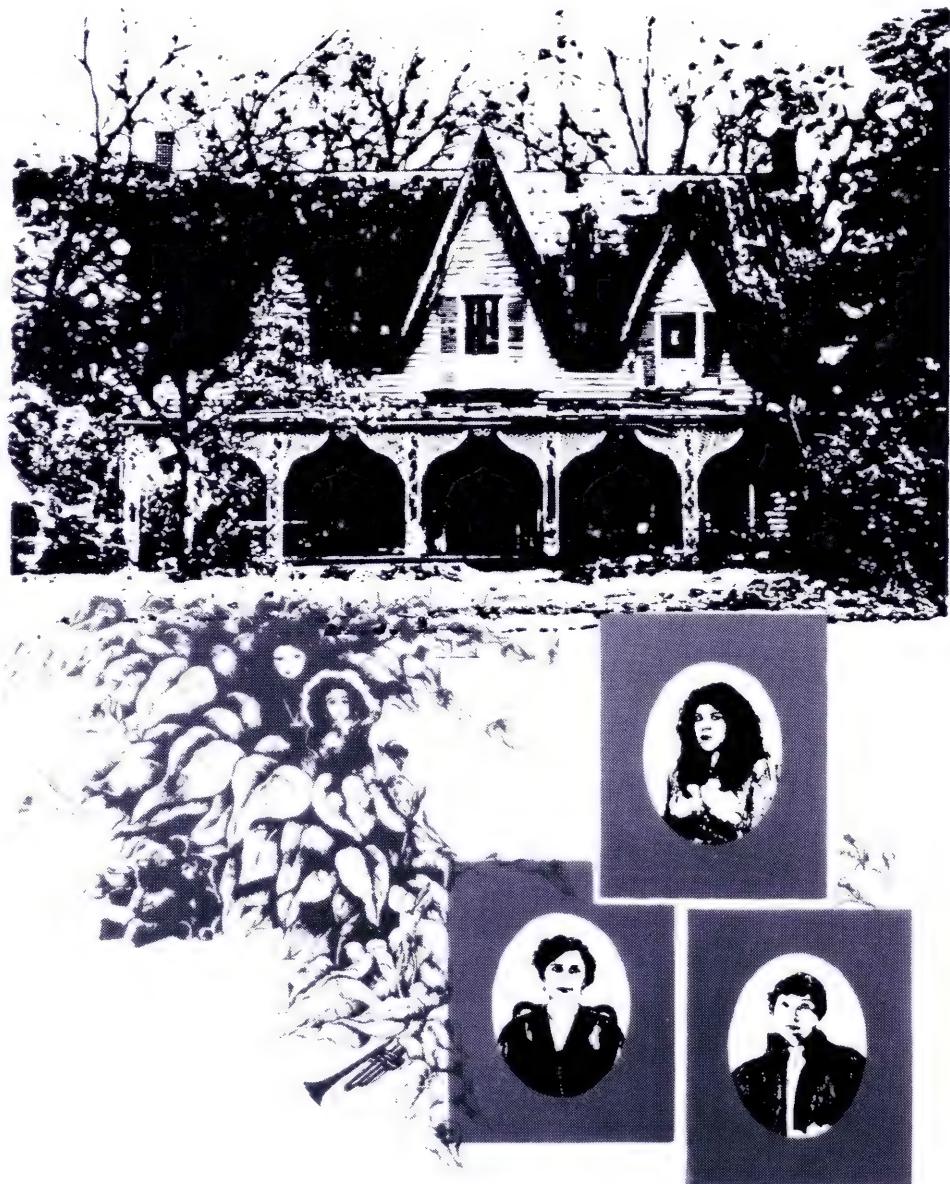
ballerinas from Aquarius
pirouetting a water bearer ballet
on the mirrored surface
of our golden pond

on whose reflection
we again make the fluid leap of faith
and meet once more in the mind.

Jack D. Cook

First Place, ΣΤΔ Poetry Contest

GALLERY



Who Lived in the Gingerbread House?, Photolithograph by Betty Ragan



Intaglio by David Webb



Beware of a Backwards-Laughing Dragon, Linocut by Sharon Rasmussen



A. FRENCH

Under the Arbor

First Place, ΣΤΔ Short Story Contest*

Fiction by Marian Motley-Carcache

Preface

In Mama Brown's yard, there was a scuppernong arbor, a lily pond, and a trellis covered with morning glories. Best of all, there was a gazing globe, a shiny metallic silver ball, like a giant Christmas ornament mounted on a cement pedestal. The most fun in the world was to stare into the globe and see your face and body distorted a thousand different ways. There were chickens, too, and sometimes, early in the morning, Papa Brown and I would go to the hen house and get eggs for Mattie-Belle to cook for breakfast. And in the sun-parlour was a huge player-piano and dozens of rolls of music. I can almost hear the faraway music now. It takes me back to a confused time of innocent wisdom and faith, to a summer when Robert asked Papa Brown for that player-piano and Papa Brown said, "Son, when I cross over the bridge, the piano will be yours." A while later, we went to Macon and when we crossed a bridge, Robert reminded Papa Brown that now the piano was his. And it takes me back down a winding dirt road to the house of an old woman named Madame Queen.

I

Away from home for a whole month, even to Mama Brown's, was a scary prospect that summer that I was ten years old. I woke up early that morning I was to leave, but lay in bed for a long time, pretending to be asleep, torn between excitement and fear. Finally Mama got me up. She had laid my seersucker sailor suit on the foot of my

bed and it smelled like heat from the iron. As soon as I got dressed, she made me undress to eat breakfast in my slip so I wouldn't get egg down the front of me.

After choking down some toast, while my trunk was being put in the car, along with a sack of boiled eggs and pimento and cheese sandwiches which we would eat on the way, I went back in my room and told it goodbye. Then I told the yard goodbye and tried to think of something happy so I wouldn't cry.

From the back seat of the car, I watched light poles and mimosa puffs go by. I said silent goodbyes to the church steeple and the STOP*LOOK*LISTEN sign by the railroad track. I put my chin on the back of the front seat and Mama started telling me stories about when she was a little girl in Howard. Mattie had been a young woman then, and had just started working for Mama Brown. Her mama, Sibbie, had worked for Mama Brown before that even. Mama said that she used to sneak off to Sibbie's and eat collards with Sibbie's children. She said Mama Brown caught her once and whipped her good. Mama had been missing for several hours when they found her sitting in the middle of Sibbie's bed, eating collard greens out of an old enamel dish. She said that was the second worst whipping she ever got; the worst was when she sneaked off to see Madame Queen, the old negress who, years ago, cut hair and told fortunes. That time, she said, it was Mattie who caught her and whipped her. She said she knew that if she told on Mattie spanking her, she'd get a worse spanking from Mama Brown, so she never told. Mama said nobody had seen Madame Queen for years now and she wondered if she was dead.

Daddy, who had been silent throughout the stories, said we were getting close to the

roadside park. Mama reminded him that we needed to buy Cokes before we got to the park. They had made this trip so many times. When I was real little, we spent every weekend in Howard. Then Daddy started working Saturdays and we couldn't go so often. I couldn't count how many times I'd ridden this road, and even before I was born, they were already making this trip over and over again. Always the same little store for Cokes, always the same sandwiches and eggs, in the same roadside park. The same sound of wheels turning on gravel as we turned into Mama Brown and Papa Brown's driveway, the smell of ham frying, or streak o'lean, the warm coolness of a summer evening in Georgia. Mama Brown was hugging me and Mama was smoothing the wrinkles out of my seersucker suit and the sleep out of my head. I always slept the second half of the trip.

That night I slept with Mama Brown. The next day, she promised, she would let me choose which room I wanted as my bedroom. Papa Brown had moved a cot to the screened-in back-porch. He said it was too damn hot to breathe in the house.

I laid awake beside Mama Brown, homesick. She looked different without her glasses. I could hear crickets chirping from out by the lily pond and could smell the honeysuckle that had wrapped itself around the poles of the scuppernong arbor outside the window. It must have been after midnight. Mama and Daddy had stayed for a giant supper of breakfast food, and then we had waited up for them to call and say that they had gotten safely home. Now the house was dark and quiet, except for the hollow-ticking mantle clock that echoed through every room, but the outside had come to life with hoots and howls, and chirps and croaks, and the sound of stars bursting.

*Marian Motley-Carcache placed second in the ΣΤΔ Short Story Contest with "The Waitress and the Circus-Woman," not printed in this issue due to limited space.

II

The next morning I ran out to meet Mattie's daughter, Annie, when she came to pick up the dirty clothes for Mattie to wash. I had known Annie all my life. When I was little, Mama Brown used to give her a quarter to entertain me when I visited for the weekend. They used to run a rope through one end of a big cardboard box that Tide came packed in to Uncle Ed's store, and Annie pulled me in it, up and down the ditches that ran along the road front of the house. When I got older, we made necklaces out of chinaberries or hats out of mimosa puffs. Annie didn't seem interested in any of that anymore, though. She disappeared down the road carrying a bundle of clothes on her head, and I went inside the house.

Mama Brown promised me a playmate soon, a distant cousin I didn't even remember. She said we'd played together as babies, but that his family had moved away when I was little, but now had come back to Howard.

The rest of that day, I entertained myself: I made faces in the gazing globe for a while, and later, made a secret hiding place deep within the scuppernong arbor. That afternoon, I climbed a big oak tree and, from the top, I could see Mattie's yard. She was standing over a big washpot, stirring clothes. Some of our clothes already hung on her fence and clothesline.

I could see Annie and her sister, Duck, who was said to be crazy, taking turns scrubbing on a scrubboard and hanging out clothes. Several smaller children were chasing chickens around the swept yard. I felt lonely and wished, for a moment, that I could be one of Annie's sisters for the rest of the afternoon.

Soon bored with my tree-top perch, I went to play again under the arbor. Lying back in the shadiest tangle of vines, I closed my eyes and blanked my mind until my shorts and sneakers turned into a pink satin dress and clear glass slippers, and even though we were between wars, I was singing to the troops overseas.

Suddenly I realized that I wasn't alone under the arbor.

The boy who was watching me appeared

to be about my age, or maybe a year or so older. He wore plaid bermuda shorts, pale blue socks, and sunglasses. His dark hair was combed down in bangs on one side.

"Who are you?" I asked, embarrassed and angry to have been caught entertaining the troops.

"My name is Robert Patterson Lee and I suppose you're Hallelujah," he answered precisely, ruling out my plan to tell him that I was somebody famous or important.

I nodded, sitting up.

"Would you like to see my new bicycle?" he asked, adding, "It doesn't have a basket yet, but it's purple. I got it for my fifteenth birthday."

I knew he was lying; he couldn't be a day over eleven.

"Sure. Will you let me ride?" I asked.

"If you'll do only what I say," he answered, pulling his sunglasses down his nose a little, to look at me with even brown eyes.

I hesitated, didn't answer, but followed him out of the arbor.

III

Robert Patterson Lee, according to Mama Brown, had turned eleven last winter and never had been anybody but "Bobby Lee" to her recollection.

He and I soon made a deal in private, though. I would call him Robert and he would take glamour photos of me with the Kodak he had gotten for Christmas. He wanted to direct movies as much as I wanted to star in them. We had other important things in common, too. We were both only-children, both born in February, both made straight A's in school, both read *Photoplay* magazine in secret, and both had found the magic world of make-believe inside the arbor.

We took turns riding the purple bike the rest of the afternoon: up and down the driveway, through the trellis, under the porte-cochere.

When Annie came the next morning to bring the clean, ironed clothes, Robert and I had already started the photography session, but I broke a Marilyn Monroe pose to invite her to join the session. She looked awfully tempted, but announced that she

didn't have time, that she had to go home and get ready for a date that night.

My mouth fell open. I was speechless. Annie dating! I could hardly believe my ears. I wondered if Mama Brown knew. Robert was determined not to show his surprise, but I knew that behind those sunglasses his eyes were as big as saucers.

"But Annie, who's the date with?" I asked, not even trying to hide my amazement.

"Junior Perry," she answered proudly. "He got a car and a job pulpwoodin' for Mr. Wayne Morris, and he twenty fo' years ole."

Obviously pleased with the reaction she had gotten from us, Annie told us "bye" and left, prissing through the porte-cochere, grinning down the driveway.

After we recovered from Annie's news, Robert told me that his Mama was taking him to Macon shopping the next day, and that since they would spend the day there, he probably wouldn't see me again until the day after, Sunday, at church.

"We'll resume picture-taking on Monday," he said, "Sunday being the Sabbath."

It was that afternoon that I learned that Robert's other main ambition, besides to direct movies, was to be a Methodist preacher.

IV

I awakened Saturday morning to the sound of bacon sizzling in a hot skillet, egg shells cracking against a milk-glass bowl rim and then their contents mingling with a whir from Mama Brown's egg beater, now in the deft hands of Mattie. The kitchen smells of chicory coffee brewing and biscuits browning in the oven accompanied the culinary sounds that roused me from the feather mattress, thick and soft as a cloud.

Papa Brown read the morning paper from Atlanta while he ate, a habit that didn't please Mama Brown at all. When he finished his breakfast, he still had half the paper to go while he smoked a cigar and drank another cup of coffee. Mama Brown was busy getting ready to go to some kind of sewing circle but told me I'd get a surprise when she came home.

I waited for my chance to ask Mattie about Annie's date. Something told me that



Mama Brown wouldn't approve of a thirteen-year-old girl going on a date, and that if she knew, she probably wouldn't let Annie be my playmate anymore.

When Papa Brown finally finished the newspaper and left the kitchen, and I mentioned Annie's date to Mattie, she just frowned and grunted, "Annie too warm fo' her age."

"Did she have a good time?" I persisted.

"I hope she didn't have *too* good of a time," Mattie cut me short, "that Jun' Perry a worfless black devil."

The screen door slammed as she went out to rake breakfast scraps into the slop bucket that Uncle Ed collected every evening for his hogs. I noticed, for the first time as she went out the door that Mattie was getting older; she moved with more effort and, around the edges of her bandana, gray hair was beginning to show.

Annie didn't come over at all that day, and with Robert gone, there wasn't much to do. I made faces in the silver gazing globe and saw myself in a thousand distorted forms. I stared into the lily pond, saw huge waterlilies growing out of the reflection of my face, then saw the image waiver as tiny tadpoles rippled through it. It seemed that the only place I could go to escape my own reflection was the arbor.

Honeysuckle had woven itself in at the back end of the arbor, and luckily, being at

the far end, it had escaped Papa Brown's attention and had grown thick. The scuppernongs and honeysuckle blooms mixed to create a sweet perfume and the tiny bees that buzzed around the arbor lulled me away to exotic places. I closed my eyes and saw kaleidoscopic designs: circles, diamonds, squares that burst into explosions of color. Then I was in Egypt. Cleopatra on the Nile, eating the scuppernongs that slaveboys fed me while my barge drifted, drifted.

It was the sound of my own name that brought me back from Egypt. Mattie was calling me, probably to lunch. At the very moment that I realized that Mattie had rounded the corner of the house and was nearer to the arbor than to the porch, I remembered being told by Mama Brown to stay out of the arbor because it was "snakey." I knew that if Mattie caught me she'd tell, so I kept quiet until I heard the screen door slam. Then I ran all the way to the front of the house and into the kitchen, and then, out of breath, asked Mattie if she had called me.

She seemed distracted. She never even asked me where I'd been, just handed me a sandwich and a glass of tea and told me I could eat outside if I wanted to. I picked at brown bread crusts and mashed the sandwich until egg salad oozed out the edges, glad that Mattie hadn't asked where I had been, but at the same time, sad that she hadn't seemed to care.

A few moments after Mama Brown got home, I was standing on the vanity seat, my arms out to my sides, while Mama Brown gave instruction through the pins she held in her teeth—"straighten up," hold your arms up," put 'em back down"—and explained that she had cut this "little church dress" out for me to wear to church the next morning. Since Howard had circuit preachers, the congregations alternated churches, and we would be going to the Baptist Church instead of our own. And she wanted me to look especially nice since we

were invited to stay for "dinner on ground" after the service.

V

Baptist Sunday School was a new experience for me. Back home, Sunday School at the Methodist Church consisted of reading some simple stories about foreign children who have never had a stomach full of food, and giving a quarter to help buy them rice, and then closing with The Lord's Prayer. But here in Howard, in Baptist Sunday School, everybody had to get up and say a Bible verse and answer questions about Bible stories. I felt stupid because I didn't know anything and, on top of that, I stuck out, being new and better dressed than the others, except Robert, of course.

On Sunday, Robert looked and acted like a young preacher. He had on a blue suit and tie, and had his hair parted on the side and his bangs slicked back, just like a preacher. He even had a somber, rejected look on his face like preachers get, and held a Bible on his knees. He left his sunglasses at home on Sundays.

I felt sicker and sicker as the Sunday School class wore on, never knowing what they had lined up to call on me for next. The ultimate horror came when Miss Nell, the Sunday School teacher, announced that we'd end our class by joining hands to make a circle and then each person would say a few words aloud to the Lord.

The musty smell of closed rooms and old songbooks and chalk began to close in and suffocate me. My ears were ringing, but muffled and far-away sounding, I could hear somebody playing "The Old Rugged Cross" in the sanctuary, and I saw Jesus' face, shining and beautiful, like a girl's almost, and then I saw him on the cross, and saw myself running barefooted across hot sand, and heard myself crying out to him that I loved him. And Jesus smiled and somehow took my hand, and then I realized that it wasn't Jesus squeezing my hand, but Robert, signaling me that it was my turn to pray aloud. I also realized that it hadn't been *me* talking to Jesus, but Robert praying his part in the circular prayer.

There was a long, heavy silence before Miss Nell took my turn in the prayer. I wanted to run out of that awful Sunday

School room as fast as I could and find Mama Brown, and was about to do so when Robert grabbed my arm and whispered that Miss Nell went first and signaled the piano-player who played "Onward Christian Soldiers" as we marched single-file, down the aisle to the front pew and suddenly became "the youth choir."

Other than having to stand up and be pointed out by the grinning Brother Jerry as "Mr. and Mrs. Brown's little granddaughter, Hallie," and having to mouth words and fake finger-motions to a dumb song about Jacob's Ladder, church services weren't nearly the nightmare that Sunday School had been.

Dinner-on-the-ground made the earlier part of the day worth the humiliation. At least thirty women must have gotten up early that Sunday morning to fry chickens golden brown. Other delicacies, slid carefully out of brown paper bags turned sideways, included potato souffles, full of fat raisins and covered with melted marshmallows; any and every conceivable variation on potato salad; butterbeans and peas, flavored with hunks of fresh ham hock; fresh turnip greens, cooked with white roots; and pones of cornbread bulging with crisp, hot cracklings that had been hoarded in a cool, dry place for almost a year. For dessert, there were cobblers and cakes, and three freezers of peach ice cream. Someone even discovered half-a-dozen watermelons floating in the eerie baptismal pool, though no one took credit for the near blasphemous deed.

Children played hide-and-seek in the graveyard while adults talked and sang until almost dark, sitting on patchwork quilts or in folding chairs, under the shade trees in the churchyard.

I missed home that day. The first week had been memorable, though, even fun. I wondered if the rest of the month would pass as quickly.

VI

Robert got a basket for his bicycle in Macon, and many days were spent after that, me on the fender, holding on, riding down dirt roads and across pastures, filling the basket with treasures to be displayed in

a museum of nature that was to be opened under the porte-cochere: abandoned bird nests, abandoned snail shells, even an occasional abandoned rabbit's tail or cow's skull. The museum was soon abandoned, too.

One day, when we were sure he wouldn't be there, we went to Papa Brown's sandpits and Robert showed me the quicksand that a Negro man had fallen in and drowned. He explained that most people believed that quicksand pulled a body under, but that, actually, the man lost his balance, struggled, and drowned. Regardless of what Robert said, I was anxious to get away from the sandpits.

Another day we rode to the Negro quarter to see Annie, who hadn't had time to spend with us since June Perry started paying her attention. The red clay road to Mattie's house seemed to smoke orange smoke beneath the wheels of Robert's bicycle. And by the time we got to Mattie's yard, the purple bike was orange.

In her yard, boney chickens pecked at the ground and skinny dogs scratched fleas. Several children played in the shade under the front porch while, on the porch, Duck plaited another girl's hair.

Annie wasn't at home. Duck said she'd gone to town with June, and then insisted, before we left, on giving us a watermelon from their patch. Duck didn't seem crazy to me, but there were lots of stories about strange things she had done. Some people were scared of her, but Mama Brown said she was "harmless enough."

When we left Mattie's that day, Robert decided that we should go down to the river bank before going home. He said we could find a secret place there, a cool place to leave the watermelon and then we could go there the next day, during the heat of the afternoon, and find the watermelon, cool and waiting for us. We put it in the basket of the purple bicycle and Robert pushed it as we headed across the field on the path that led to the river.

The briars tangled and cut my ankles and the dry stubble cut my bare feet, but Robert grabbed my arm and pulled me onward when I complained. Crickets jumped through the grass, making popping noises and bees competed with butterflies for pollen. I felt like Maureen O'Hara being

dragged through a field by John Wayne in a movie I saw once at the Rialto in Columbus.

Soon we could feel a cool dampness and we knew we were near the river bank. As we started down the hill, the brown broken grass and white beaming sun gave way to wild purple violets and green vines and moist shadiness. Robert took the watermelon out of the basket and left the bike against a tree. Going downhill with the heavy watermelon was no easy job. Robert had to dig his toes in the ground to keep from running against his will. I ran ahead laughing, stretching both arms out beside me to keep my balance. I had to grab scrubby shrubs here and there to keep from running, out of control, into the river.

Robert contrived a way to secure the watermelon in the shallow water near the bank. Tadpoles, upset by the intrusion, scurried frantically around the watermelon. As we stepped back to admire Robert's ingenuity at anchoring our treasure, the smell of mint rushed up to protest our intrusion, too. And a lizard darted from the mint bed into the river, slicing the river as it disappeared through the water. Nature was in for an even greater upheaval, though, in what happened next.

Robert suddenly grabbed me and kissed me, smack on the lips, so fast that I hardly had time to react. I found myself deaf to any sound except a hollow heart-pounding, but it was impossible to tell whose heart it was. And shortly after my senses failed me, so did my knees. Robert followed. The smell of crushed mint was overwhelming. I opened my eyes and saw crickets and felt weeds scratching my back—then, tadpoles and my own wet hair itching me, plastered to my neck. And Robert, holding me, bringing me up out of the water, "baptizing me in the Holy Spirit, Saving me," he said.

VII

Fear. We had been told dozens of times not to ever go near the river bank unless adults were with us. Mattie even warned that she would "skin us alive" if she ever heard tell of us going down to that river where so many had drowned.

Red dust stuck to our wet bodies and

clothes as Robert pedalled furiously toward home.

When we rode into Mama Brown's yard, we could see Annie and Mattie and Duck standing at the backdoor; Papa Brown was on the top step, beside Mama Brown, talking to them. Robert must have realized at the same time I did that Mattie was crying, because the bicycle stopped abruptly and he motioned for me to be quiet and follow him around the house; we were going to eavesdrop.

We squatted under the porte-cochere and listened to Annie explain between sobs:

"Blindman, he come right up to the porch and say what he want. I say, Blindman, you crazy. Go on now. Leave me 'lone."

An interval of sobs. Then she continued.

"I know Blindman mus can see outta one eye 'cause he grab me right there—and I had to come off the porch to keep him from pullin' my britches off. Duck, she walk up and say 'leave her 'lone.' Then Blindman turn on Duck and knock her on the ground and get down on her."

Both Annie and Duck began to sob anew, then Annie continued:

"Duck jes happen to have a knife in her hand and that when she stab him."

Papa Brown said the only thing to do was to call the sheriff and tell him the whole story, just like they had told it to him, but Duck started screaming and broke into a run. Annie tried to stop her, but Mattie shook her head sadly and said to let her go, she couldn't go anywhere but home anyway.

Mama Brown asked where Blindman was now and Annie said they'd left him bleeding in the yard, but they couldn't tell how badly he was hurt. Papa Brown told Mattie and Annie to get in the car and go with him to see how badly Blindman was injured before they called the sheriff. Mama Brown said she would wait at home since I was still out.

As the car lights disappeared down the road, red, like two devil's eyes, Robert told me to go inside. He said he felt sick and had to go home. I felt sick, too.

Cold, stiff, sweetmilk gravy sickened me more as Mama Brown reprimanded that I shouldn't "pick at" my food. Mattie had left

supper on the stove when the confusion had started and a film had now grown over the gravy, like semi-stiff jelly. A few spots of grease beaded under the streak o'lean, and the reheated coffee tasted like socks smell in a gymnasium dressing room.

I asked Mama Brown what was wrong and she hesitated, then said that Blindman had tried to kiss Duck and that Duck had stabbed him in self-defense. "Papa Brown," she said, as if to end the conversation, "has gone to see about Blindman and to settle things."

I ate the streak o'lean and chewed the rinds, then raked the cold biscuits and disgusting gravy into the slop bucket and went to my room. The day had been a strange one—a baptism and a stabbing. I wanted to sleep, but I also wondered where Duck had gone and whether Blindman would live. And I wondered why Robert had acted so strangely at the river. Mama had said to call anytime I wanted; I wished it weren't so late.

That night I dreamed that I looked in the gazing globe and had no face, but behind me, I could see Blindman with a knife, grinning, showing all of his teeth, staring at me with red eyes.

VIII

The next morning arrived early with the odor of burned bacon and the low voice of Mattie moaning,

"Nobody's seen the trouble I've seen
Nobody's seen the woe . . ."

and I heard Mama Brown tell her to go home for the rest of the day, that she wouldn't be able to get anything done anyway as long as she was upset over Duck disappearing.

"As soon as word gets to her that Blindman is all right, she'll be home. You go home and wait for her," Mama Brown said.

Outside it was already growing hot, but a slow breeze moved the clothes, already hanging on the line to dry. By ten o'clock the sun would stop the breeze dead-still and, in minutes, would dry the clothes that had hung damp for hours. The petunias that lifted their faces gratefully in the morning dew would look pitifully like the collaps-

ing mouths of toothless old women by noon.

Robert rode up, full of news. He had been down to the river to check on the watermelon only to find the watermelon gone, but Duck asleep under a tree. I wanted to tell Mattie immediately that Duck was okay, but Robert said we couldn't. He said we had to hurry; we had to go with Duck to see an old lady named Madame Queen.

I hesitated, remembering Mama's story about Madame Queen, knowing that we would be in trouble if we got caught going to her house.

Robert continued explaining that Madame Queen was said to be a witch and was supposed to know how to take spells off of people and even how to see the future. I told Robert that I didn't think we should go there, but he gave me a disgusted look and I climbed on the fender.

"Didn't you tell her that Blindman is okay?" I demanded.

"She says there's a curse on her that causes her to do things and that only Madame Queen can take it off. She says if Madame Queen can't help her, she might just jump in the river before she kills somebody when she has a spell," Robert answered, putting an end to any indecision over whether or not to go to Madame Queen's.

IX

The road to Madame Queen's house was long and winding. It would be impossible for a car to travel it; it had been so gutted out by rain and kept that way by disuse.

Duck had managed to sneak home to get her valuables so that she might work out a trade with Madame Queen. Duck didn't have any money to pay for the old lady's services, but figured Madame Queen might trade for a piece of costume jewelry or a figurine, or the only piece of money she did have, a silver dollar with a hole in it. She said it had the year she was born on it and that Mattie had tied it around her neck on a black shoestring when she was a baby. I wondered if she still wore it around her neck, or if it was bundled up with the other valuables in the pillowcase now jingling in the basket of the bicycle.

It was dark, even in the middle of the morning, so deep in the woods, and we saw an owl sitting on an old dead tree limb. Duck's eyes got big, and she howled out, "Ooooh God," and explained that seeing an owl meant somebody was going to die. She said if Blindman died, they'd send her off. When I reminded her that Blindman was all right, she said maybe it meant she was going to die, maybe Blindman was going to kill her.

Robert tried to make her hush, but she kept moaning and mumbling about the penitentiary and Blindman not being blind. She quieted down when we saw that we were approaching what must be Madame Queen's yard.

The house must have been grand in its day. It had concrete steps leading up to a big front porch, now sagging, and heavy double doors with tiny different-colored stained-glass windows surrounding them. Several of the tiny windows had been broken out, and now, wadded-up newspaper was stuffed in their places. By the edge of the porch, there was a dead cedar tree whose branches had been cut off. On every stub where a branch had been was turned down either a colored-glass bottle or jar; on one limb hung an old, cracked, amber-colored water pitcher.

Duck looked scared as we climbed the steps, but finally knocked on the door and called, "Miss Madame Queen." While we were waiting for an answer to Duck's call, Robert squeezed my arm and signaled for me to look out to the side of the house. In Madame Queen's garden there were dolls hung by their necks from ropes on every nearby tree, and posts were erected in the center of the garden with dead crows hanging from them.

When the double doors flew open, Robert and I both jumped back a foot, as it we'd been caught doing something we ought not to do.

Madame Queen had two long gray plaits of hair and a silver quarter-moon earring was dangling from one of her ears. Her eyes were old and as green as they were brown. Her clothes were ordinary enough, but when she moved to motion us into the house, I noticed that the silver earring was not the only trinket she wore. Around each

ankle, she wore a black ribbon full of jangley coins, and around her neck hung a huge medallion with strange words and pictures on it. Robert later told me that it was the zodiac.

In the big hall, what was left of the peeling wallpaper was faded and circled. There was no electricity so far back in the woods, so the house smelled like the kerosene that lighted it. A lamp sat on top of an old rolltop desk; I wondered how Madame Queen came to have such a piece of furniture.

Duck told the old woman her story and explained that we were her friends, and also that she didn't have any money to pay to get rid of the spells, but that she had brought all of the valuables that she owned.

Madame Queen directed us into her kitchen, off from the back of the wide hall. There was a woodstove, and an old pie safe full of jars of figs and peaches and snapbeans, and a Hoosier cabinet, painted pink with fruit and flower decals pasted on the doors. The fireplace, not in use this time of the year, gave a damp, ashy smell to the kitchen. In the middle of the room was an enamel-top table with a glass, three-branch candelabrum in the center of it. We sat down, as directed, around the table and Madame Queen started moving her right hand in the air, making the sign of the cross, and chanting words that I couldn't catch many of, but I could tell that they were directed to Jesus. She demanded that Satan get *behind* Duck, and just as she did, all three candles went out with a loud puff. Duck screamed and fell out in the floor and I fell on my knees by Robert's chair and grabbed him around the legs. When I finally looked up again, Madame Queen, I supposed, had re-lighted the candles and revived Duck, but even Robert was as pale as a ghost.

Looking up through the candles at her, Madame Queen was reddish and spookier-looking, but then she smiled at me, a gentle, kind, radiant smile, and I knew, for the first time, that she wouldn't hurt us.

She gave Duck three powders before we



left. One was white and to be sprinkled in her shoes once a week; another was black and to be thrown in Blindman's face if he ever again tried to do her harm; the third was brown and to be eaten if she went with a man she liked but wasn't married to.

I asked if I needed to eat the brown powder when I was with Robert, and Madame Queen said no, that Robert had doves' eyes and was a lily among thorns. She said he would never defile the daughters of Jerusalem and that I wouldn't need to eat powders until I grew tired of feeding among the lilies and sought the thorns.

When I complained later that Madame Queen talked funny, Robert shook his head like he couldn't believe I was so stupid. Then he admitted that he wasn't sure what she meant, but that he did know she was quoting the Bible, and he thought she was complimenting us both.

When Duck poured the contents of the pillowcase out before her, Madame Queen looked at the treasures, many of which I recognized as trinkets and broken jewelry that Mama Brown had thrown out, then she looked at Duck for a long time before choosing an emerald green bottle that perfume had come in.

"That's all," she said. And we were shocked since it was obvious that Madame Queen liked jewelry and there were several

brooches and mismatched earrings, and even an old pearl necklace with a broken clasp among the valuables.

As we left, she walked out to the porch with us and pointed to the bottle tree we had seen when we arrived. "There's yo' evil spirit, girl," she told Duck, "sucked up in one 'uv 'em bottles. You do as I say and no mo' evil gonna follow you." Then she reached over and placed the new green bottle on a bare branch, held up her hand "goodbye," and went back inside, closing the double doors.

We left Duck by the dirt road that led to her house. She said she wasn't scared anymore, now that she had the powders. Robert took me to Mama Brown's and stayed for supper. After we ate, we sat out till late, under the arbor, talking about dreams and faraway places. We agreed never to tell anybody what we'd seen at Madame Queen's. Lightning bugs popped all around us and the sky was particularly starry. We saw two shooting stars that night and made two sets of wishes: Robert wanted to be a preacher *and* in the movies; I wanted to be at home *and* in Howard. We wanted the night to last forever; we wanted tomorrow to come. ☐



About the Author:
Marian Motley-Carcache, a recipient of both first and second place awards in the 1983 Sigma Tau Delta Fiction Contest, first contributed to *The Auburn Circle* in the Winter of 1976 under

the pen name Jordan Spencer—a name drawn from two Auburn professors: Dr. Jordan Phillips, one of her favorite Spanish teachers, and Dr. Charles Spencer Rose, who, in his creative writing classes, had taught her the valuable lesson of writing "about what I know."

For Marian this means drawing from her experiences of growing up in Jernigan, Alabama where she spent many hours in her father's grocery store, The Village Mercantile, and attended the justice court on Saturday mornings in her kitchen, where her father, presiding as justice of the peace, settled disputes over such events as the shooting of a neighbor's hogs.

(Once, she was sent from the room while a rape case was tried—she accommodated her parents by eavesdropping from the other side of the kitchen door.)

To insure a variety of experiences to draw from in the future, Marian, who is working on her Ph.D. in English, occasionally dons other personas, ranging from fictional characters such as Catherine from *Wuthering Heights* to real people like Yoko Ono. This play-acting serves

another purpose for her: "In case I am wrong about reincarnation, I want to live all the lives that appeal to me in one life."

Writing comes easily for Marian, "All I have to have is peace and quiet, the phone service on, the curtains drawn and a typewriter ribbon that won't run out." She smiles and says, "It's like what Loretta Lynn said on the *Johnny Carson Show*, 'All Doolittle has to do is hang his britches on the bedpost and I get pregnant.'"

Digdug My Love.

Digdug my love,
now and yesterday,
past and present,
present and present
and past, at last.
Have you finished the
eternal game of digdug,
conquered and destroyed
the phantoms that float,
the dragons that breathe fire?
The earth is plentiful yet,
but you now go
to the hall of fools
to discover the truth
that the earth is plentiful yet.
Why not dig the mysteries
of my love, love?
Or do you think them dug,
inflated
like the demons you explode
like the boulders that crush
the clutching claws of womankind.
Digdug my love,
so much more challenging now,
from forty minutes
to an hour or more
on just one quarter.
Digdug my love,
remember how we could spend
days and days
together.

Ellen Jones



Huntin' Possum

Article by Warren Nicholson

One of the surest ways of sorting the country boys from the suburbanites is to talk about hunting possums. Apart from passing one or two of the critters on a road in the deep woods late at night, or laughing at the Beverly Hillbillies' passion for possum meat, city boys know next to nothing about possums and nothing at all about hunting them.

They may recall the elementary science lesson about the *opossum* being the only marsupial native to North America. But it wasn't this textbook creature that provided food and recreation for generations of Southerners. It was, rather, the plain ol' *possum* that served the good ol' boys so well during the hard frontier times and the lean Reconstruction years.

Not many folks eat possum anymore, but some Southern hunters still enjoy running after possums (and coons) and discussing their possum-hunting techniques and "possum experiences" for hours on end.

Unlike most prey, possums are hunted at night, usually very late and preferably under a full moon. Generally hunters like to run possums up trees. It is here, to use the cliché, that the plot thickens. Most possum hunts fall apart when the possum is treed.

The unskilled possum hunter might think that removing the possum from its lofty perch would be mere child's play. Not so. Possums tend to find nooks and knotholes to hide in, outfoxing all but the craftiest hunters.

Of course, hunters should make sure they tree the right critter, according to Billy Roberts, an animal dairy science major with considerable possum-hunting experience. He recalls treeing what he thought was a possum on a recent hunt. Unable to get a clear shot and reluctant to leave his much-sought-after prize sitting smugly in the tree top, Billy decided to climb up and capture his possum. He made his way carefully up the old sweetgum and finally came to the fork, some twenty feet off the ground, where he thought he'd find the possum.

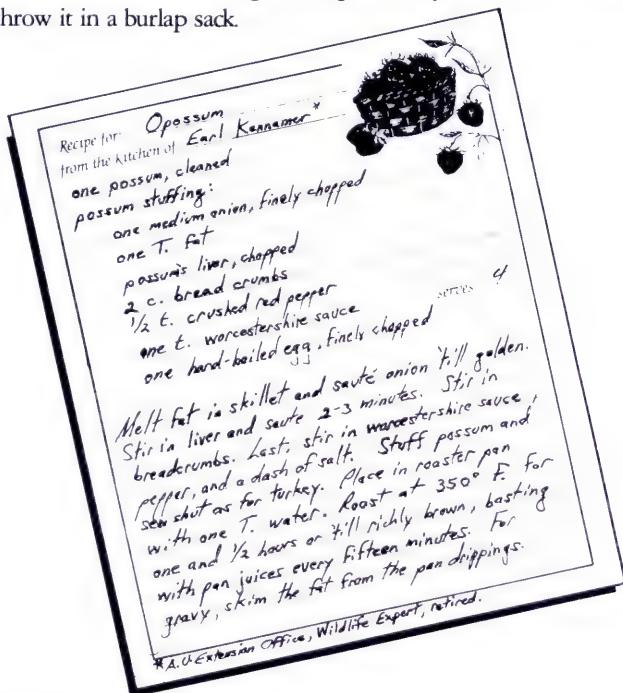
Much to his dismay, what he found instead was an irate mother raccoon who launched a successful defense of her family and tree. Billy, a safe hunter, had left his gun at the bottom of the tree. He wasn't about to fight a mother coon with his bare hands, so he half-climbed, half-fell down the trunk and grudgingly gave up the hunt.

Another hunter, Ben Polston, a sophomore in accounting, had a different problem. He knew he could easily shoot his possum, but feared that the animal, who was firmly wedged in the top of a small oak, might not fall out when shot. Ben decided that the best way to get the possum down was to grab the trunk of the tree and shake the animal out.

Ben put down his gun and began to shake the tree vigorously, and sure enough, the possum decided to give up the fight and come down. But Ben was too busy shaking the tree to notice. Meanwhile the possum made his way down the trunk, lost his hold and fell the remaining fifteen feet, breaking his fall on Ben's head.

The possum, thank goodness, wasn't rabid, so Ben suffered more from a bruised ego than from the scratches on his face. He knows now that the usually timid possum can turn vicious falling out of an agitated tree. Those long jaws and fifty sharp teeth make a mighty fierce arsenal.

Sometimes the hunter finds himself in the ideal position of catching a possum on the ground. Many hunters swear they find possums under these circumstances only when they've left their guns in the truck. Still, a frightened possum may play into the hands of an unarmed man: the critter, true to legend, rolls over and plays dead (hence the expression "playing possum"). In this event all the hunter has to do is grab the possum by its hairless tail and throw it in a burlap sack.



Willie Mimes, a fourth-year biology student, found a possum "playing possum" one night and proceeded to sack him. At home he took his package from the trunk and, squatting on the lawn, untied the bag. As Willie pulled apart the mouth of the bag, the large gray possum pounced onto his chest and literally knocked him flat on his back.

The frightened possum only wanted to be free of Willie, and Willie desired nothing more than to be free of the possum, which was clawing at his chest, trying to make good his escape. Willie doesn't remember if he threw the possum into a nearby bush or if the possum clawed and leaped his way free during the split-second confrontation. Whatever the case, Willie's fat prize was gone in a flash.

Young possum hunters these days rarely eat what they capture and kill. Truth is, possum doesn't taste very good. Some say it's a greasy meal no matter what the recipe. Possum hunters I know usually give their catch to old-timers in the community who grew up on possum and apparently don't mind the grease.

A hunter who does choose to cook his possum must take certain precautions. First of all, never kill a fresh-caught possum. Since the

critter is a scavenger, what he eats may make his meat taste pretty strange. Keep him in a cage for a week or ten days and feed him milk and corn or oats. The possum should be butchered as if he were a very small hog. Be sure and remove the red glands under each foreleg and midway down the spine. Then you might want to boil him for a few minutes at a time, throwing out the water after each boiling to get rid of the grease. The possum is now ready to cook.

Whether or not you want to try gourmet possum cuisine, the hunt is a good source of entertainment for young and old alike. Despite the tales told here, most possum hunts are neither dangerous nor exhausting. The truth is that possums are really not hard to hunt. Most possum hunters will agree that the real value of a possum hunt is not measured in meals but in memories. ☐



Illustration by
Carole Rogers

Repetition

Every night, just as I go to bed,
I imagine the next day the first day
In a train of days laden with accomplishment,
Full as a house is full of rooms.

Then I remember something I didn't do.
I rise for no reason. I walk the house,
Until I don't know which room I'm in,
Until there are no rooms. The beast dwells:

Consciousness; the split, stunned head; the thing not said.

Joseph Harrison



Doll House, Batik by Sharon Rasmussen

ENVIRONMENTALS: Letia Owens



The purpose of the environmental is best illustrated by the use of this tree. The dancer and the environment appear as one, and the environment is not altered.

The dancer uses the high, narrow angles of the fire escape to create a mood of expanded energy in her jazz movements.



She stole a peep around the heavy velvet curtain and saw no one. The stage lights were shining and the music was playing, but no one was there. The cadence sounded her entrance, and she danced like a whirlwind before an audience of folded chairs. It wasn't important that no one saw her; the stage was ready, the lights shone, the music played, and she danced. But what about the times when the stage isn't set, and the music doesn't play? What then?

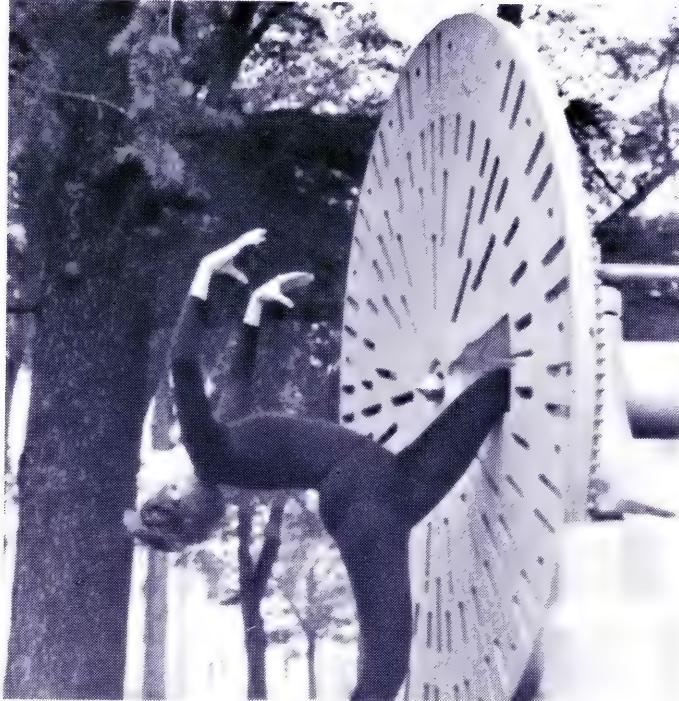
The world is a stage. Some people dance through the aisles of grocery stores when they think no one is looking, twirl around lamp posts until they are dizzy, or leap and spin up so many stairs that they think they can reach the stars. The dancer dances not because there is a stage, but because the stage is an accepted arena for expression—expression of emotion, creativity, and a story and its setting. The dance creates the environment, and the stage is merely the medium through which it is viewed.

One of the exercises for an advanced Skills and Concepts of Dance class at Auburn is "environmentals." An environmental requires students to dance within a specific setting instead of simply portraying the characteristics of those surroundings on stage. This idea comes from the belief that dancers will be able to evoke more understanding from the audience toward the concepts of their dance if they have to practice moving within the environment that they want the audience to envision.

The environmental exercise is derived from modern dance concepts. These ideas include conforming the lines of the body to props on stage, or creating objects and dimensions with the body's angles. However, the dancer may also extend the environmental idea to ballet and jazz. Here at Auburn dances using environmentals have varied from a traditional pas de deux ballet, choreographed by Collette Herring, entitled "Dracula" and



The expression in a dancer's hand and arm movements can be as soft and graceful as tall grass blown by a breeze.



The metal wheel inspires the dancer to use modern dance contractions to pose in a rounded position.

performed in a graveyard setting, to a series of modern dances illustrating the life cycle of kudzu, which Heather Miller choreographed.

Surely the people in the audience are not aware of the environmental influence as strongly as the dancer is, but they see the dancer, and much of what the dancer feels is conveyed to them. As one dance concludes and the curtain opens for another, the stage assumes the personality of the new dance. C

The dancer illustrates a powerful angle that she can use to direct the focus of her dance.



Dancers can move from the stage to an environment as a source of inspiration and expression.

Silhouette

For the need of quiet, he does not marry.
Instead, he feeds on white rice with chopsticks
and showers with cold water in early hours.
He bikes through landscapes he sees in black and white
and rubs smooth the small black fetish from Mexico
when he needs the feel of her—
All for the greater need of quiet,
in order that he may create.
His heroes, each having braved the insurmountable,
dare him into late nights in the darkroom
where the steady beat of the metronome assures him
of his communion with both nature and camera.
Before sleep, he writes in his journal
of his sacrifices and his art
and his recent lover's displeasure over
her dismissal.

Ruth Schowalter

Grapefruit

fifty
smashed and screwed
cigarette butts
clutter your ashtray
like the women in your life.

kissed
by a blood bright mouth
they lie
like corpses . . .
evidence.

you lied.
and now
black men chain smoke
Virginia Slims
and powder their noses.

Pony Boots

Honorable Mention, $\Sigma\Delta$ Poetry
Contest

Illustration by Vivian Harper



Auburn's Apparition-In-Residence

Report by William David Hartshorn

The curse of *Macbeth*, the phantom of the Opera, even the jinx on wishing a performer good luck—the history of the theatre has been filled with a variety of superstitions, and Auburn's theatre is certainly no exception. Sounds in the catwalks, strange lights and missing stage props are but a few examples of the mischief perpetrated by Sydney Grimlett, Auburn's apparition-in-residence.

Nobody knows when the "ghost" of Sydney Grimlett first made himself known. According to legend he came to the states from England as a Confederate sympathizer during the Civil War. As a captain in the Sixth Virginia Cavalry he led several daring assaults against General Sherman's forces on their fateful march through Georgia. Sydney's notorious career ended tragically, however, with a mortal wound that brought him to his eventual deathbed in a make-shift hospital here in Auburn. That hospital was later to become a student theatre.

It was at this location (now the University Chapel on College Street) that Sydney first began asserting his presence. During a production of *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, a light is said to have illuminated the stage from no apparent source. Altered scene arrangements and strange whistling sounds in the attic accompanied the unusual phenomenon. Over the years Sydney was forgotten until the early 1960's when a rash of unexplained events aroused new interest in him.

In 1973 the theatre moved to its present location on Samford

Avenue. According to one theatre student, Sydney "transferred his allegiance to the Telfair Peet Theatre." Marilyn Powel, who came to Auburn in 1979 as the marketing director in the theatre department, has spent many a late night working alone in the building. She describes his occasional presence as "a feeling that somebody was there watching you." One time Sydney's existence seemed so real that she quit what she was doing, gathered up her belongings and left.

Kristina Hanssen, who was a costume designer for the theatre a few years back, claims that while working late one night she heard doors closing on another floor of the building. Having thought that she was alone, Kristina climbed the stairs to see who was there, only to find that several lights had been turned on. After turning them off, she returned to her work, but the door slamming resumed. Kristina decided to finish her work later.

After numerous informal encounters, Sydney's ghost was given formal recognition when in the spring of 1971 the annual award given to the most outstanding drama student was appropriately named The Sydney Award. Sydney Grimlett was also formally acknowledged in Kathryn Tucker's new book *More Alabama Ghosts* published in 1982.

For the Auburn Players, the name Sydney has become an accepted byword for strange occurrences. Small objects falling onto the stage, malfunctioning props and unusual noises are, and probably always will be, welcomed as testament to the fact that the Auburn spirit does live on. 

Illustration by Sharon Rasmussen



A Very Simple Old Man

Fiction by Hank Rauerson

It was cold outside and raining, but inside the man was sweating. A fire was dying in the stove, and occasionally, when a draft came through the ill-fitted window, the coals glowed quick-red and then faded to gray again. But the fire made no sound. It was a silent, patient fire.

The man sat on a high stool at a table that was not quite far enough away from the fire and worked at the bust in front of him. There were woodchips on the floor, and on the table, and dust from the knife was everywhere and was in the man's hair and beard. The man, whose name was Thomas, leaned toward the bust and blew some of the dust away, gently. He laid his knife on the table, softly, then took his glasses off and laid them on the table. He wiped the sweat from his forehead with his fingers and rubbed it very carefully into the girl's face, along the rather large nose and under the eyes. The skin there was dark and smooth and shone in the light. He wiped the oil from his nose and with his fingertips traced her eyebrows, slowly moving downward around her eyes which were open slightly in surprise, in and over her cheekbones and out again to her jawline, and down to her slightly square chin. Then he took his hands away from the girl's face and held them up for his eyes to see. They were big hands, with fingers tapering long and thin—and they were shaking. He stared at his hands for a while to punish them. But they were his good friends, and his punishment was not sincere. He smiled at them and clasped them hard together under the table. He was very happy with a strange, nervous happiness that was mostly in his stomach.

He stood up from his stool, went over to the icebox and took down half a loaf of french bread. He cut the hard end-piece off, walked over to the window, and ate the french bread while he looked out the win-

dow. He ate with his mouth open and his breath fogged the glass. He was careful not to look at her. He was almost finished with her, and he wanted to rest his brain and his eyes. I want to look at her with a fresh mind and a quiet stomach, he told himself. Yes, he thought, it is necessary to be rested and to have a quiet stomach to see her like the first time. But he could see her in his mind, and he thought about her. He thought about the eyes that looked straight at him, and he thought about the mouth, with the lips slightly parted, a mouth that was not smiling. He thought about her hair, how it was pulled back tight and smooth and tied in a knot at the back of her head, and how the ends coming out from the knot curled a little. She is not very pretty, he thought. No, she is not beautiful. He tore a piece of the bread off with his teeth and chewed it slowly. Chewing slowly, he thought about her, and suddenly, he was afraid. He did not want to be finished with her.

"You are afraid," he said to himself out loud but very softly. "You stand here chewing bread because you are afraid." He stood there at the window awhile, chewing the bread and being afraid.

After he had been afraid long enough and had eaten the bread, he went over to the table and put his glasses on. He went to his worklight and slid it around to a position at a forty-five degree angle to the girl's line of sight. It was a doctor's light with a heavy lead base and a long flexible neck. A doctor he had known had given it to him a long time ago. He had made the doctor a desk, and the doctor had given him the light in return. It was a good worklight. The beam was not too narrow and not too wide. The doctor was dead now, but the light still worked very well. He focused the light on the girl's right ear. He went to the table and got his knife and came back and looked at the ear from a number of angles. He

walked behind the girl and looked at the ear. Then, holding the knife in his hand, he looked closely into the ear. He used the flat edge of the knife on the soft curve inside the ear, very quickly. He brushed the dust away with his finger and then blew into the ear, gently. Then he went back to the light and focused it on the ear from different angles. He slid the light around to the other ear and then looked at it from several different angles. He looked very closely into the ear. The knife was in his hand, but he didn't use it. He slid the light around behind the girl and stood there looking at the back of her head and at the two ears. They were rather large, and they stood out from her head. The girl's hair did not cover the ears.

"You are good ears," he said to them. "You are the best ears I have ever done."

He was very proud of the ears. Ears were very hard to do. It was easy to make average ears, but it was difficult to make good ears. He walked around the girl, slowly, looking at her. He stopped in front of her, still holding the knife, and the girl's head made a shadow on his chest. They looked at each other.

"You are very good," he said to her.

The girl did not answer.

"You are the best I have ever done," he said.

The girl said nothing.

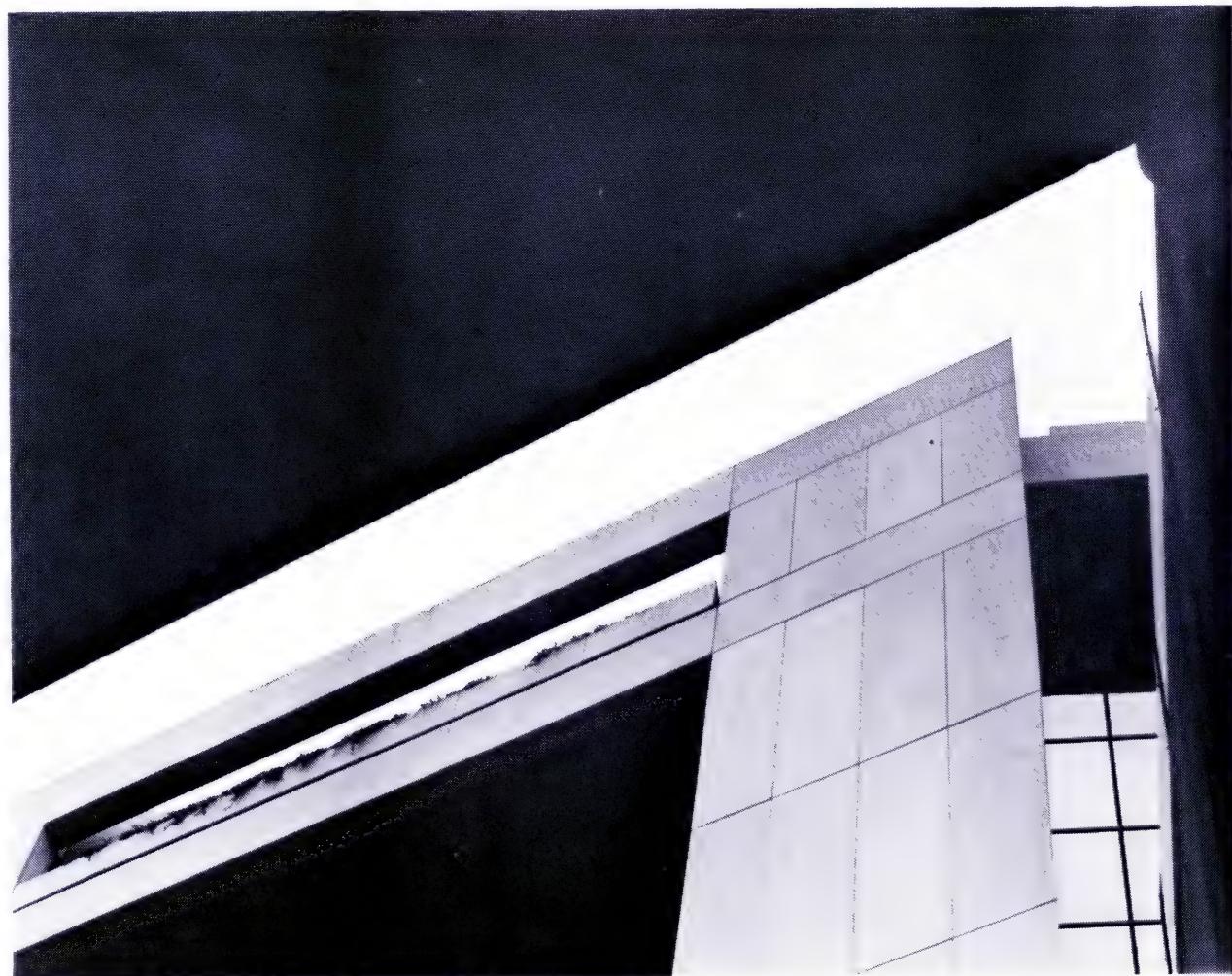
"You are not very pretty," he said. He put the knife on the table, then went to his bed and lay down and looked at the ceiling. He lay there and thought very hard about her with his eyes open. He would take her down to the shop in the morning. She would sit in the window on a table. They would come. He knew that. That was one thing that was certain. He didn't hate them. That was how it was. She wasn't his now. Maybe she had never been his. He closed his eyes and lay there for awhile thinking. He thought about the girl, and then he

thought about something else. It would be very quick and easy, he thought, and it would be done in the morning. He lay there for a long time thinking about it. Then he got up and went to the table. He picked up the woodchips that were on the floor and on the table and put them in the stove. After the fire caught he put the bigger pieces in. It was a pretty big fire. He went to the closet and got the broom out and a dustpan. He raked the shavings off the table with his hand and then swept them up and dumped them in the fire. It was good hard wood, and he knew it would burn slow and hot. He put the broom up

and went to the cabinet over the sink and took down a bottle of whiskey. It was almost empty. He poured a little in a glass and put some water in it from the spigot. After he put the bottle back, he got a chair and moved it over by the stove. He sat there and watched the fire and drank the whiskey. When he was finished he went to the table and picked up the bust. He took it over to the stove and opened the grate. He was afraid it wouldn't fit, but it was a big stove, and it went in quite easily. He shut the grate and turned off the worklight. He put his glass in the sink and went to the door and turned off the overhead light. He left his

tools on the table. He was very tired. He had done a lot of thinking. He sat down on the bed and took off his shoes and his glasses and lay down with his clothes on. The fire made shadows on the ceiling, but he was tired, and he rolled over and went to sleep.

He woke up early in the morning. It was still raining. He got up and washed his face and had some coffee and another piece of bread. He put his shoes on and went to the closet and put on his coat and his hat. The fire was dead in the stove. He went out the door and walked to work in the rain. C



Photograph by Susan Curtis

Sand Box Army

My forts were built
With time, sand, and the cup-
Shaped towers stood looking
So solid, the walls
Not quite straight, raised
And patted in to stand
Indomitable.

Perforce, the plastic army
Men came, punched out, and
Packaged in cellophane bags
Of fifty and one hundred, invading,
Aiming sharp carbines; accurate
Shots cracked off fast
At uniform combatants, field green
As fearless sergeants, crying
For cover fire and phalanx, barely
Audible above the deafening
Roar of tanks, and Tonka
Trucks crushing the wracked
Antagonist defenses;
Purged,
The bodies lay strewn upon
The milk white sand.

In the bloodless
Aftermath, if I picked up,
And washed my hands, then
Mom would make me
Chocolate chip cookies.

William David Hartshorn

Pornography

The mind is void of memories
Laced with kindness or affection:
The friend who showed you his hideout
Deep in the vine-encumbered wood
(Up the hill from the neighborhood)
Where now the both of you defend
The children and the noble women
From attack; the Indian or
Mexican will not get to them
In this, your sylvan Alamo.
More recent, yet the bright image
Of your daughter, still a toddler,
Modeling her latest wicker
Wastebasket hat, ear-to-ear grin,
And laughter-crystalled eyes, is shoved
Aside and brusquely, savagely
Obliterated by bevies
Of air-brushed, open-mouthed,
Open-legged, undulant,
Naked forms of women
Whose open apertures beckon
As mirrors or endless echoes
Of your cavernous desire—
Obsessed with one thing, with sucking you dry
Of kindness, wonder, tears, love, and
Memories which weave the soul's own
Fabric in fibers strong as steel.

John Bradley

Women We Should Have Married

We've seen them on autumn country club afternoons:
Tennis dresses, golf shorts; slim muscular strides
Across court and fairway; cool green confident eyes
Watching to see when ripe fruit falls.

We've seen them in summer beach sunsets:
Windblond hair catching fading last light
Cocoa skin the perfect curve bathing suit bounded
Holding our hearts like water in graceful cupped hands.

We've seen them at spring party evenings:
Silk-sheathed silhouettes against indigo sky's scrim
Warm breath whispers softly tickling pricked ears
Promises of secret things to be found together alone.

We've seen them on winter fireplace nights:
Lying languid full length lazy in the dancing light
Naked and ruddy with strong eager arms
Reaching up to draw us down into deep pools of darkness.

We've seen their smiling knowing eyes
And heard the silver echoes of their laughter
Held them closely for an hour or even a day
But watched in silence while they slowly walked away.

Tim Lockhart

Second Place, ΣΤΔ Poetry Contest

Shades of Sharing

Sketch by Josie B. Parker

"Here. I've got something for you....Oh. It's a Zero bar.... You're welcome. It's been a long day. I had to give my recess snack to Amy.... Because she left hers in the car. She started bawling before we got to the door of the school. Mama was gone, and the sixth grade teacher on duty saw her crying and started toward us. You ever seen a sixth grade teacher?.... No, I guess you couldn't be sure about anything like that. Anyway they are big. Tall I mean. I swear some pretty awful stuff goes on, on the third floor. That's where the fifth and sixth grade classrooms are by the way. Paddles with holes in them, two hundred vocabulary words a week... What?... Oh, yeah. Well, Amy was crying, and I had to do something. The teacher probably thought I had hit her or something.... No. I didn't. I only hit her when she wears my socks and puts them back in my drawer dirty.... Okay, so I hit her more times than that, but big sisters *can* hit little sisters you know. Anyway, I gave Amy my Fritos and told her to shut-up. The teacher smiled at us, and we went in.... Yeah, she shut-up.

"Recess is at 10:30, and about 10:15 that sixth grade teacher

came to my room. I was scared to death. I was called to the front of the room. She told the *whole* class what a good girl I am because I gave my little sister my snack. Then she handed me that Zero bar. Everybody was giggling. Everybody except Mary Perkins. Boy, I tell you that girl is a nerd. She *never* does anything wrong. She kept looking at me and smiling.... You think so? Maybe



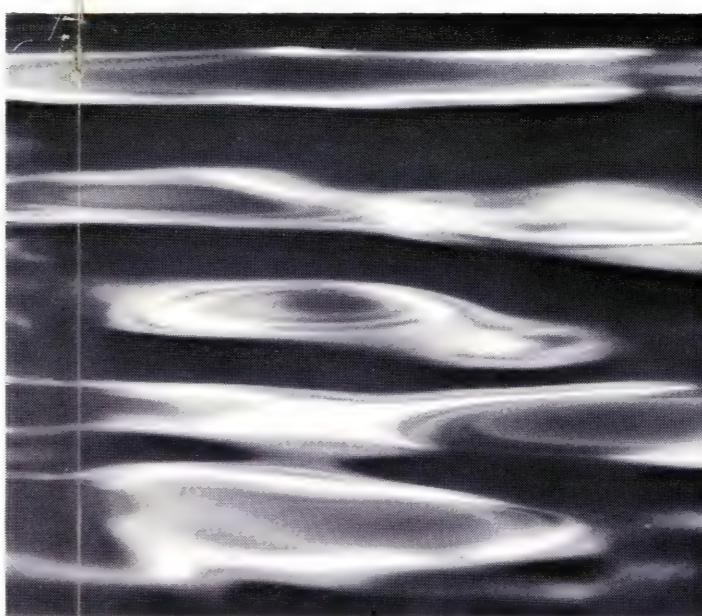
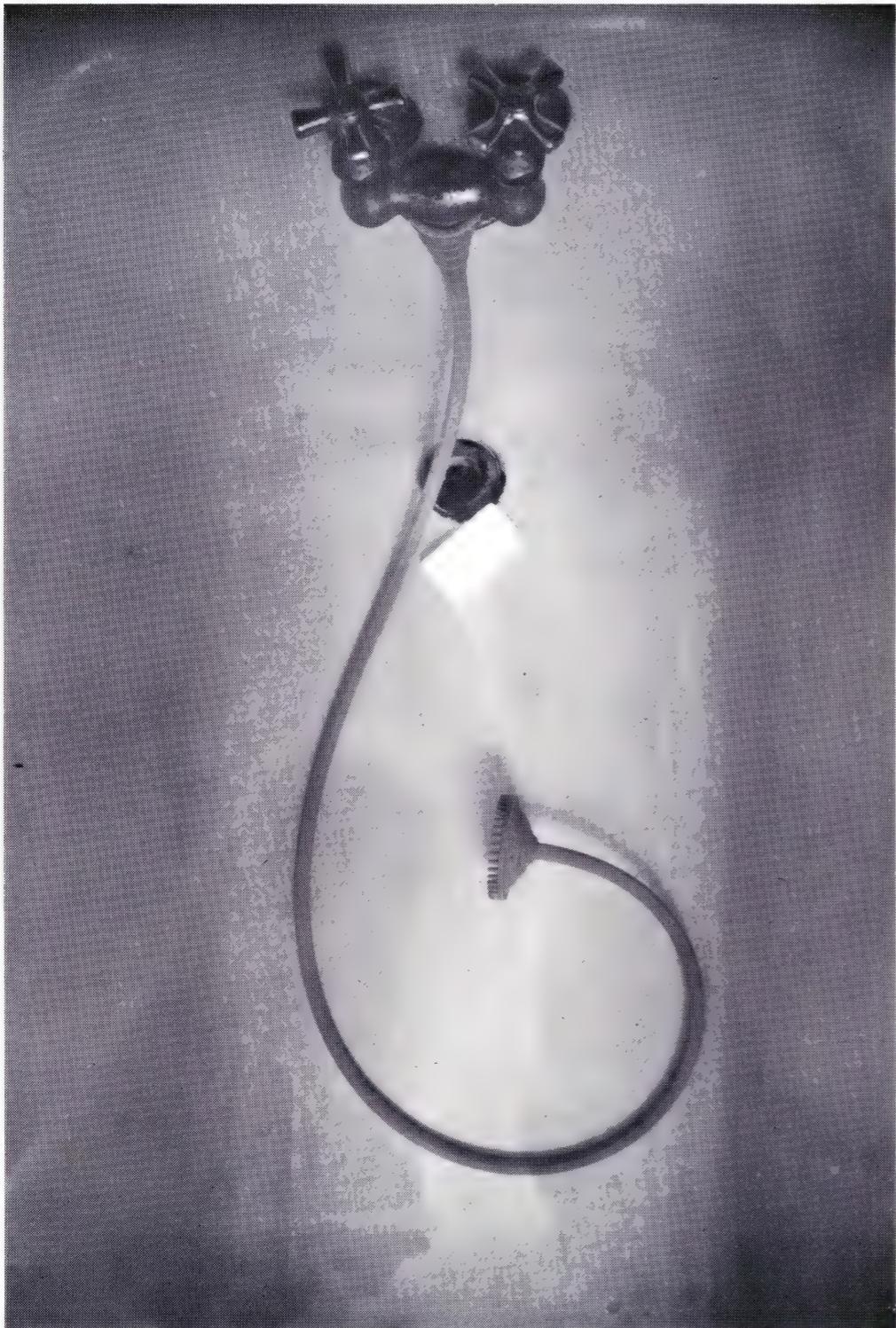
Illustration by Lisa Puzon

she was just being nice, but she's still a nerd. I told the teacher 'thank you' and went back to my desk. I didn't tell her that I only gave Amy my snack to shut her up, and I sure didn't tell her that I hate Zero bars.... Do you? Yeah, well, you eat anything. Aw, don't get mad. The bell rang for recess, and as soon as I was outside, I took off like a bat-out-of-hell for the second grade play-

ground. I'm not supposed to talk like that even though Daddy does. Mama says it's not ladylike. You won't tell will you?.... Good. Then the only person who knows besides us is God, and I can talk to him about it tonight when I say my prayers.... He's the guy who made the world and knows everything you do.... Well, I wanted to trade snacks with Amy. She loves Zero bars. She just stuck her tongue out at me when I asked her to trade and ran off. Little creep. I think I'll ask God why he ever thought up little sisters.... Oh yes you do! You've got boocoodles of little sisters, you just don't have to live with them.... You don't have to brag about it. Can you smell the pine trees?.... I'm glad. Don't they smell good? I asked mama if you could come in and sleep in my bed, and she said no. You're too dirty.... It means you don't take a bath. Oh, I almost forgot. My teacher, Miss Jessup, called Mama and told her about the Zero bar and Amy and everything. She didn't even make me do my homework as soon as I got home. That's how come I got to come outside so early. She even said I could give you the Zero bar

since I don't like them. Mama don't like Zero bars either. You finished already?.... You don't chew your food long enough, you know. Mama says that'll give you indigestion.... Well, if *you* got it, we'd have to take you to the vet.... Yeah, I figured you'd say that. Come on. I hear Mama. Supper must be ready. You hungry?...." **C**

IN FOCUS: Tom Palmer



Tom Palmer approaches photography with a religious devotion. His zeal often causes him to spend up to thirteen hours in the darkroom at a stretch and to photograph the same thing on six different occasions even if it happens to be sixty miles away. Influential in his acquiring the discipline that he considers necessary for becoming a successful photographer were his high school years spent at a strict Christian school in Kentucky where lights had to be out at 9:30 and on again at 5:45, dating was not allowed, and marks were awarded for both good and bad conduct. As the only boarding student in the school's seventy-five year history to go without a mark for bad conduct, Tom says, "I knew exactly what was expected of me, and even though I rode the fine line, I always met those expectations."

This uncanny ability to recognize what each job requires causes him to dislike compromises, even in the technical aspects of photography. "Because the discoveries haven't been made for every picture, a photographer must be innovative. The accessories that exist presently help photographers meet demands for the majority of images but not always the most difficult or intriguing. Sometimes you need to make your own developers or your own papers."

Tom also has a unique perception of photography. He insists that a photograph is simple: "Like a well-designed machine, a photograph should consist of parts that work together harmoniously. Any undesirable elements that might cause the machine to break down should be eliminated." Arranging the parts of a photograph sometimes takes him hours and other times only moments. But no matter how long the creative process may take, Tom believes a photograph is successful only if it puts the viewer's mind into motion.

In his attempt to be faithful to his art, Tom strives to make his photography more than a display of splashy color, sharpness and contrast, symmetrical design and correct exposure. "A place to start is with oneself. How do you interpret the world around you? What are your prejudices? What stimulates your emotions?" For Tom each photography session is a ritual during which he metaphorically removes his blindfold so he can better view himself. **C**



STRANGERS

Fiction by Lisa W. Peacock

Colin James awoke to a strange, quivering light. He sat up groggily and frowned into the low orange rays that filtered through the traffic-light green fabric of his tent. Vaguely, he remembered being caught in a sudden cold rain and pitching camp early to prevent hypothermia. He must have already been thoroughly chilled, for he had slept like a dead man for hours. Rubbing his aching temples, he muttered wryly to himself: "Welcome to the Rockies!"

Hungry, he dressed quickly and scouted his campsite for firewood. He could have warmed his supper more efficiently on his new high-altitude butane stove, but he craved the reassurance of a crackling, smoky wood fire. He found, in his brief exploration, that he had set up his tent just on the inner rim of a long, rectangular valley, lined with skull-sized rocks and puny wind-wrenched cedars. Colin scrounged fruitlessly among these stingy trees, but every twig and branch seemed intermingled with the complex root system of a single fierce organism. After staring pensively at one extremely bare specimen for a moment, he returned to his backpack and took out a short, light hatchet.

He arose the next morning refreshed and renewed. Despite the incessant wind, the day was bright and pleasant. The opposite wall of the valley must have been half a mile distant, yet it was so distinct that Colin imagined that the atmosphere had given him a raptor's vision. Below, on the floor of the valley, an ice-still lake reflected a dizzying image of the sky. As he watched, the first morning wind struck it, destroying the image and throwing flashes of wild light in every direction. Colin sat down and picked up the neat plastic packet that held his maps.

He had planned only a twelve-mile hike today, not his usual distance, but shorter, allowing for the thin air and rough terrain.

The early stop yesterday had set him back, however, and, chewing his lower lip, he scanned for a possible stopping place several miles farther along the trail.

Satisfied, he stood, returned the map pouch to a jacket pocket, and swung his pack onto his back. As he glanced back at the trail behind him, a slight chill clutched at his stomach. By entering this valley, he had left a popular vacation area. Two miles away, families picnicked, grandfathers fished, and groups of scouts played at "primitive" camping. This side of the pass was a region where camping became survival, not recreation. The trails were deeply worn, but narrow, and afforded the only possible routes for a hundred years of miners, explorers, misanthropes, and strange combinations of the three like Colin James.

Ahead, the trail continued along the rim of the valley, receding like a faint scratch in the rock, then convoluting upon itself in a mystical pattern of descending switchbacks. As he followed it, Colin grew increasingly uncomfortable; he felt like an ant, his whole existence bound up in carrying an awkward load from nowhere to nowhere. The wind screamed in the cedars. He pulled his hat low over his ears, moistened his chapped lips, and squinted resolutely into the raw sunlight.

By evening, he had reached the lake that he had seen from above, having crossed some ten miles of rocky switchbacks and summer-shrunken glaciers. Hunched over a cup of hot instant lemonade, he gazed dully at the bland stew of dehydrated meat and vegetables simmering on the compact camp stove. From a short distance three or four Gray's jays perched in the cedars and eyed him. Noted camp robbers, they were large steel-blue birds with harsh, irritating voices. As he watched, one boldly glided onto his pack and probed its black bill into one of its numerous pockets. Colin roared at

it and waved his arms. It returned unhurriedly to its perch and resumed its vigil. The camp stove sputtered and hissed hysterically in the sheltered, stillness of the valley.

The next morning, Colin awoke to the quarreling of the birds. They had discovered an unsecured zipper on his pack and extracted a bag of nuts, dried fruit, and candy—a trail snack Colin called "birdseed." The birds fluttered guiltily away, but only after Colin came very near. Giving up the birdseed as a loss, he prepared a breakfast of granola and reconstituted milk—milk that tasted strongly of the iodine that he used to purify the water.

The hike that day was pleasant; the trail followed a gentle slope, and was accompanied by a stream that flowed from the lake. A few late-blooming flowers nodded into pools that collected in the softer, greener earth deep in the valley. At lunchtime, Colin stopped to bathe his tired and blistering feet in this stream. Abruptly, another hiker appeared, traveling in the opposite direction on the path. Startled, Colin gave an overzealous greeting, which the stranger acknowledged politely, as he lifted his pack from his shoulders and pulled out a stick of hard salami and several crumbly biscuits. He sat quietly at a neighborly distance.

"Been out long?" he asked at last, watching as Colin ministered to his feet.

"No," Colin answered, "just a couple of days, but I've had a few setbacks, you know, the weather and all."

"Yes, I suppose it does take a little time to get used to."

"But it is beautiful country," Colin babbled. "I've always wanted to experience the 'wildness.' This trip is sort of a graduation present to myself."

"I see," the stranger nodded. "Did you go to high school in the village?"

Colin's hand flew to his stubby, uneven beard. "No, I—just graduated from college

back east. In the Appalachians."

The stranger made no response, no apology; he merely regarded Colin silently for a moment then turned his attention to his meal. He appeared to be in his early thirties, though his skin was dry and wind-tanned. Colin thought, uneasily, that his eyes were unusually bright and piercing, like those of the jays.

A few minutes later, Colin was again on his way. Well below the timberline now, he began to feel more at home. As he walked, he startled small birds and rodents that scattered and scolded him from the safety of trees and rocks. He passed small beaver ponds where water spilled in transparent sheets over the dams of intermeshed branches and sticks. Tall firs and aspens rustled and whispered in the light breath of the mountains. The sunlight, tempered by a mile-deeper blanket of air and scattered by the foliage, seemed gentle, almost maternal. He made much progress that afternoon and was able to pitch camp within a few miles of his original schedule.

He took his time over dinner that night and was able to rinse and dry the clothes made musty by the first day's rainstorm. He emptied and re-packed his pack, carefully and methodically examining and replacing each plastic packet. Then he turned to his maps, scheduling and rescheduling the remainder of his trip: miles per day, locations of possible campsites and water sources, projected time of day he would pass each landmark. Preoccupied with these details, he somehow misinterpreted a dark concentration of contour lines—each representing forty feet—over which the next day's stretch of trail passed.

He lay on his back for a while after retiring, his head out of the tent, watching for falling stars. At last he curled up in his down sleeping bag and drifted into the vague state between wakefulness and true sleep. In this state, snatches of dreams came to him, brief sensations of his childhood in the eastern mountains: rhododendron blossoms fallen across the trail; friendly, inquisitive juncoes that twittered as they took seeds from his hand; walks along the trail on a cold morning, boots crunching ice crystals that grew like mushrooms from the moist, black soil during the night. Once, he

imagined himself hiking such a trail that became gradually rocky underfoot. As he stepped carefully from rock to rock, one moved under his foot as if leaping away from him. He awoke suddenly, sure that his foot had, in fact, moved. His heart pounded at the thought of falling into that coffinlike valley. Colin scoffed at himself, rearranged his gear, and dropped off into a sound sleep until the bright sun awoke him.

The trail that morning led him through a narrow, lush canyon that led him slowly up from the floor of the valley. Around noon, the trail opened upon a broad plateau. The cedars grew straight here, and the rocks were peopled with grey-and-brown barred ptarmigan and marmots. The latter played like children, peeping from behind rocks and calling to each other in short, shrill whistles. They kept a respectful but inquisitive distance from Colin as he located a sunny spot to settle for lunch.

As he ate, he looked around, trying to see where the trail led next. He expected a narrow juncture like the one he had just passed, leading down into the next valley. It must follow a stream bed, he thought, for the plateau was surrounded on three sides by precipitous, stark mountains. Each crag stood straight and separate, its face as stern and sharply planed as an Indian's. He wondered whether Indians had indeed lived in this area. He checked his map: the pass that had led into the valley, as high slung between peaks as a tightrope, was labeled Arapaho Pass. The steep, narrow one he approached was called Pawnee Pass. The two names puzzled him. He had seen no trace of human habitation, save the trail itself.

He pondered this as he continued along the trail, looking down at his boots. Gradually, he noticed that the ground was rising sharply ahead. He looked to see whether he had taken a side trail by accident. He stood on a rocky projection, lichens the only other living thing in sight. Far away, he could hear the hoots of the marmots, mocking him. The trail lay clearly before him, snaking up the most formidable-looking rock face. Half a mile ahead, it turned back on itself, in short, steep switchbacks. Far above he could barely discern the pale line of trail disappearing between two lead-grey crags.

The passage was slow; requiring many rest stops. He gasped like a fish in the thin, knife-cold air. His legs and ribs ached. He chewed his cracked lips and closed his eyes. When he opened them, the frowning faces of the Pawnee still loomed. The switchbacks rose in front of him like an eerie Gothic staircase. As he climbed laboriously from rock to rock, he half wished one would move under his boot. If he fell, the climb would be over and he would not have failed the trial, but succumbed to it.

After almost two hours of painfully slow ascent, Colin saw dimly that he was near the top. It occurred to him that a feeling of triumph was in order, but he was only tired. He stepped into the notch between the two crags and sat down heavily on a fallen slab without removing his pack. The wind whistled through, flowing like whitewater from the next valley.

Below, several glacial pools lay like an inlaid chain of turquoise in an irregular chunk of ore. No, they lay like lakes, accumulations of water on the land. There was nothing of Man here. The Indian names were as foreign to this land as he was, assigned by similar romantic minds in the Parks and Recreation Service. The trail was merely a trail, passing through. Colin sat on the rock and felt the alien wind blow around him. ☺

Squirrels

Grey shadows circling
grey pillars in the morning.
Forest clowns at play.

Ralph Womer



Ralph and Rasphil, Lithograph by Louise Allen

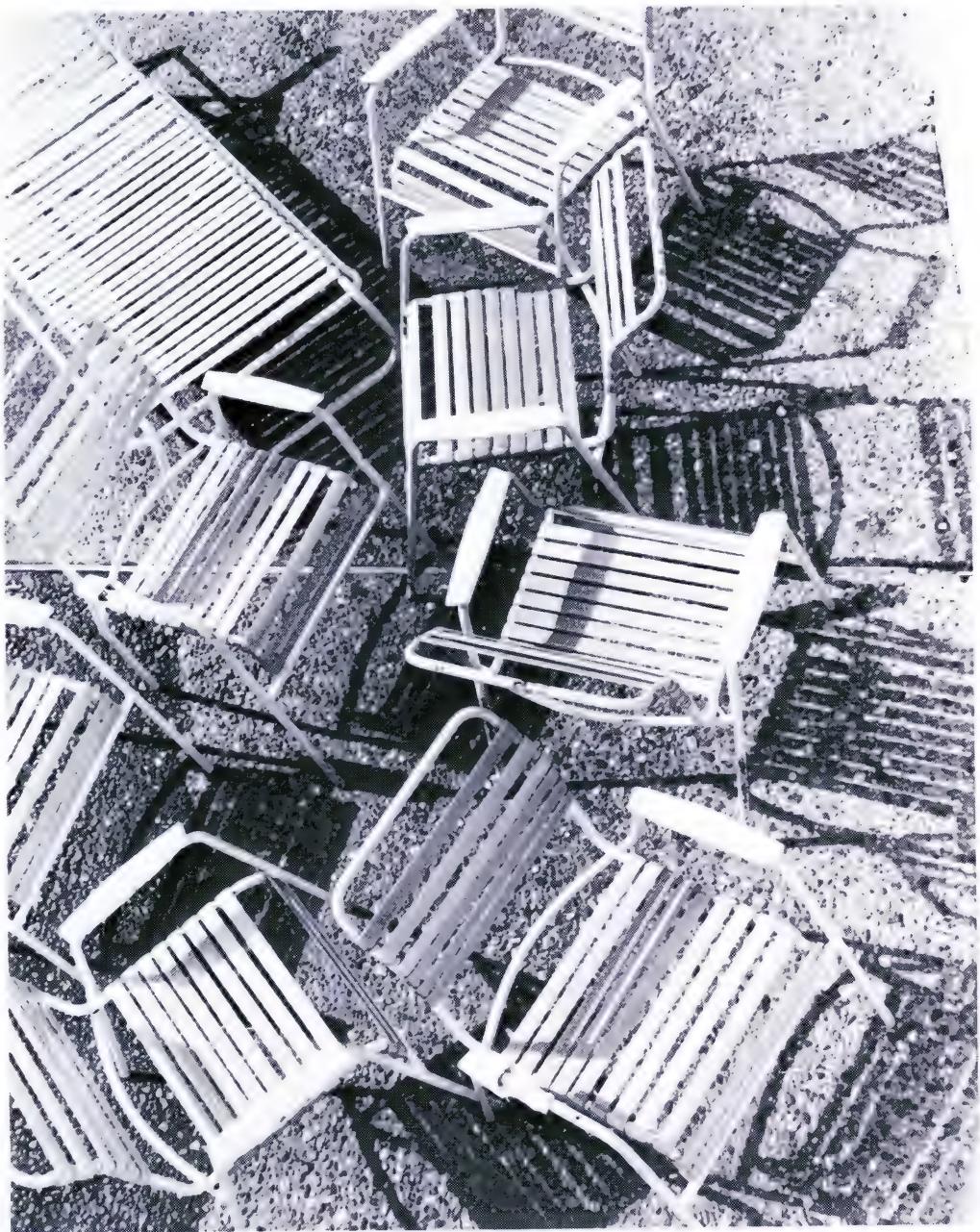
STUFFED ANIMAL HELL

There is a place called
STUFFED ANIMAL HELL
where all the bad
and unwanted stuffed animals go.
They are put in the closet,
lost and forgotten.
A place called
STUFFED ANIMAL HELL.
They are put in locked closets,
where moths gnaw at their fur,
while they helplessly sit
attempting to scream
through mouths that are stitched shut.
They shed unseen tears,
in a place called
STUFFED ANIMAL HELL.

Pandora Hayes



Illustration by Catherine Hatfield



Photograph by Melanie Morrison

MODES



66

MODS

Those Dedicated Followers of Fashion

Essay by Heather Mélèse

Mods. The word evokes nostalgic memories of "dolly birds," boutiques, and crazy clothes. An extinct breed today, but the essence of London in the "Swinging Sixties," Mods were indeed a unique segment of British society.

Mods were first labelled as such when they became a large enough group, in the mid-60s, to warrant identification. The term was a vague one, literally an abbreviation of "modern," loosely applied to anyone who participated in the fads of fashion. Early Mods were lower and lower-middle class adolescents, forced by tradition and economic pressure into the working world at the age of fourteen, seeking escape from a dreary reality through the world of fashion. When the fashion industry became aware of the potential profits to be had from catering to the Mod world, it quickly aimed the bulk of its advertising and merchandising in that direction. The ranks swelled—anyone who had the slightest interest in fashion and who fancied himself as "trendy" decided to become a Mod. The presence of a rival faction—leather-jacketed motorcyclists called Rockers—served to solidify the Mods, making them a movement rather than a merely individual philosophy, or an individual escape.

They called it "gear" or "clobber." It meant clothing, but became synonymous with fad and fashion. It was fashion that set Mods apart from the rest of society and from the Rockers in particular. Fashion not only defined the Mod, but split Mods themselves into two easily recognizable groups. Superficial Mods were the dedicated followers of fashion—the dandies who frequented the trendy boutiques of Carnaby Street, sporting flowered silk shirts one week, pseudo-Regency military jackets the next, and brightly coloured string vests the week after that. Female fashions were the most exaggerated and absurd: young girls with white lipstick, heavily kohled eyes, and crew cuts were to be seen in all the "fab" night spots in the fall of 1966. Fashions changed from week to week: the ultimate in Mod fashion was passé before it barely had a chance to establish itself. It was essential to be different, to be at least one step ahead of everybody else. Once a particular item of clothing became popular it was "out;" once it was to be found in the large department stores, no self-respecting Mod would be "caught dead" in it.

True Mods, on the other hand, had little interest in the latest clothing fads. For them Mod was a way of life, not a frenzied search for novelty. They were aloof, quite removed from the boutique scene and rather few in number. They remained faithful to what may be considered the True Mod uniform—short hair for both sexes; lots of tweeds; a simplicity, almost an austerity, of dress. It was a look that had once been regarded as outlandish, and even

amid the eccentricities of London dress in the mid-60s, it had retained its singularity. In danger of being overwhelmed by a wave of eager imitators, the True Mods refused to be engulfed and defiantly remained in a state of "stasis," thereby retaining their uniqueness and, in a strange sense, their individuality, in a world gone mad with fashion.

The music world, like that of fashion, presented a constant challenge to the Mod: to find the new, the undiscovered, the bizarre. Superficial Mods changed groups like they changed their clothing and the "in" group of one week was doomed to oblivion the next—"Dave, Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick, and Tich" today: tomorrow the "Mindbenders." No self-respecting Mod would admit to listening to the "Beatles," let alone to liking their music—they were Rocker musicians, definitely outmoded. "The Rolling Stones" alone maintained permanent popularity with the Mods, particularly with True Mods, who empathized with the non-conformity and aloofness of the "Stones." In clubs, Mod girls danced together while their dates supplied encouragement—screams, chants, and rhythmic clapping—for the group on stage. And then there was hand-dancing—a ritualistic, almost spiritual, ceremony (spotlit by obliging lighting engineers) that was hypnotizing and slightly sinister in the darkened dance halls. This was the Mod music world—a strange mixture of incessant change and ever-present ritual.

Ostensibly dedicated to the new and different, even fashion-obsessed Mods gave way to conformity when they "hit the streets." It was impossible to change vehicles with the same gay abandon that they changed their "gear," so Mods chose to accept almost unvarying uniformity when it came to transportation. No powerful Rocker motorbikes for them, but brightly painted motor scooters, particularly imported ones, the Lambretta GT being the epitome of Mod transportation. They buzzed around London invariably clad in khaki "Anoraks," purchased from Army surplus stores. As Mods increased in number, the movement transcended class boundaries: the wealthier upper-classes dabbled in "modness," substituting Minis and Fiats for scooters. A True Mod, however, would never be parted from his Lambretta.

Mods were not solely a phenomenon of London, but county Mods were definitely mere "country cousins" of their big-city counterparts. Outside the city, local shops catered to middle-aged housewives and what Mod fashions did filter through were generally outmoded by the time they arrived. It proved difficult as well to be at the height of fashion when you could afford to make the two-hour train trip to London only once a month. The only truly happy county Mods were the "uniformed" True Mods.

Courreges boots, purple capes, PVC macs, Mary Quant, Twiggy, Biba's Boutique, Mini Mokes—these all meant Mod at one time or another. And if sex and the swinging single sum up North America in the 70s, Mods and "clobber" were England in the 60s.

About the Author: Heather Mélèse came to Auburn this past fall with her husband, François Mélèse, an economics professor, and her two children; Melissa, 9, and Scott, 14. She was born in Vancouver, Canada, attended high school in Gerards Cross, England, and later returned to

Canada where she studied French and English at both the University of Alberta and the University of British Columbia. Her past work experiences include translating French into English at the Moroccan Embassy in Belgium and working as a receptionist for a law firm with seventy-five lawyers in Vancouver. Since her arrival in Auburn she has audited various classes, among them a feature writing class with Gillis Morgan, who recognized her writing talent and referred her to the Circle office. Today at the age of 33, she is searching for a publisher for the four children's books which she has both written and illustrated, and also has a novel ready for publication; she explains that although it is a romance, "it is not a Harlequin romance—I will burn it before it's classified as that." C



Illustration by
Eric Asuncion

A Test of Reality

If you have the problem
of wondering if you are really here:
Look around the room you are in
(If you are in a room).
Or gaze intently at the horizon
(If there are mountains, look at the peaks).
Then, concentrating on your heartbeat,
lift your right index finger and
wherever you feel
the most real
touch yourself.

Dave York

Meditations on the Five Senses

1.

An Edwardian table with five kittens.
One peers wide-eyed into a mirror.
A second listens to the tock of a great white clock.
The third sniffs cautiously the rose petals
That flow from an antique vase.
Still another lies on its dark back
And paws brown leather gloves lying
Between white clock and pink roses.
The fifth kitten tongues an open tin of soap,
Its white hair rising like a snowbank behind its head.

2.

I remember the brown spot high on your thigh
Where you placed my hand that afternoon long ago.
That hand that never got any higher.
You said it was a cigarette burn
That made its mark on your thigh.
I can still see the fierce, small circle on your skin.

3.

We heard the shot that morning
And ran startled from the table
And jumped in the black Ford and rattled up the road
And then I saw my best friend being
Carried, or dragged, across the yard
From the grist mill. He was screaming.
Then I saw together shot and scream.
Saw the limp, ragged leg of who
Had been a natural athlete,
And I wept. And my sobs soldered me
To the cries of the boy in the yard
And the yelling for help and the anguished cursing
Of the boy's father and of the miller with white meal on his hands,
And sundered me from all the brilliant birdsong
Of that blast-filled morning.

continued

4.

There was a smell the sea had then
That stayed on the skin even after bathing.
I remember we made love in the shower
And there was that strong, salt smell
That cut the nerves like hope.

5.

They already had him laid out on the bed when I got there.
“He’s gone! He’s gone!” his elderly sister kept crying out.
I wouldn’t believe my grandfather was gone.
Tenderly, so as not to disturb him,
I pushed back the gray lock from his forehead.
It was the only time I ever remember touching him.
“Oh, if only we’d understood,” the weeping sister said.
“I *did* understand!” I shouted bitterly at no one.
Then turned, blinded, from the bed
And ran from the room and blazed out by the barn
And cut down the old cow track
And I ran and I ran from death
Until I collapsed beside a furrow in my grandfather’s fields.
And I lay there, panting, digging in the earth with my hands.
My hands writhing in the gray fields he’d plowed in,
The color of his hair.

6.

I remember the wild tastes of those springs.
Of apricot and plum and blackberry
And of the little green-yellow peaches we snatched from the trees,
Bittersweet and wonderful in the mouth.
Evenings I read Thomas Wolfe obsessively,
Lying on the hot, cotton mattress beneath the bare and dangling bulb.
I would become the raw, the real, the mighty thing,
The Conqueror of New York with the wild taste of peaches on my tongue!

7.

Something we find through the five senses
Beyond the experience of kittens.

Fred Donovan Hill



Skull, Watercolor by Vann Baker

God Be With You

277

CLANTON GRO.

Gene Everett

A Safe Place

Third Place, ΣΤΔ Short Story Contest

Fiction by Margaret Renkl

"And we commit Miss Maudie to thy keeping, Lord, for we know that she rests in thy bosom, a loyal servant to thee all her long life . . ." Elizabeth stood in the front pew, her eyes open, staring dully at the corpulent preacher. Sweat beaded at his hairline and on his upper lip, trickled down beside his eyes and along the tight pink flesh of his cheeks. A single lock of black hair clung to the moisture on his forehead. "She was a good woman, Lord, decent and just . . ." Elizabeth closed her eyes.

The congregation listened, heads bowed and fingers arranged in prayer, to the undulation, the swelling and the dwindling of the preacher's voice. Rising in fever, falling to a hoarse whisper, the words rolled like waves through the still air of the late September afternoon. Itchy in his dark suit, a farmer shifted in the pew behind Elizabeth. A woman fluttered a liver-spotted hand in front of her face; a tear perched at the corner of one eye, and powder lay in creases down the wrinkles of her cheeks. Standing pressed against the grey board walls, two shriveled little black women leaned together in the farthest-back part of the church; still, black bodies; downcast, darting eyes. Wave after wave of the preacher's words rolled over them, drawing them into the rhythm, drowning them in the motion. Elizabeth had heard the words before—different preachers sweating in the pulpits, different families huddled in the front pew, different bodies cold in the caskets, but always the same words. Clanton cannot change, she thought: old women growing older; twisted bodies dying in their beds at night; today the same as yesterday.

The preacher paused. Outside the church a whippoorwill moaned in the stillness. "We just praise thee, Father, for thy good grace." Another pause, and the preacher was finished: "Amen." A pinched-looking woman began to play a hymn on the piano.

She played erratically, losing her place in the music and playing more quickly when she found it again. The piano was badly tuned. Elizabeth looked at her sister Alice. Neither girl smiled. As children at their grandfather's funeral they had giggled at the pianist, the bony elbows jerking strangely at her sides, the purple veins standing out on her hands. It isn't funny now, thought Elizabeth. I won't cry, but none of this is funny.

"Here, honey, look on with me." Uncle Peter tightened his fingers around Elizabeth's shoulder and drew her closer, holding the hymnal between them. Elizabeth bent to the book, following the lyrics silently. Gripping the railing with one hand and clutching a tissue to her breast with the other, Elizabeth's grandmother stood between Uncle Peter and Elizabeth's mother. Her thin shoulders shaking with each breath, Grandma sang the hymn at her own pace, oblivious to the peculiar rhythm of the piano. Elizabeth stared at the hymnal, touched its yellowed pages grown soft around the edges. Old people. Old books. Clanton doesn't change.

When the singing was done and the preacher had motioned the pallbearers to the front of the church, Grandma turned to Elizabeth's mother and whispered, "They remembered your old granny's favorite hymn, Jean." The thin voice quivered, and Elizabeth knew that her grandmother would cry then. She bent again to the hymnal, closed now, and waited for the men to come from the back of the church and bear the casket into the cemetery next door.

"She looked so natural, don't you know. No pain on her sweet face. I told everybody you picked that fuschia dress she's wearing, Jean. Remember how she loved bright colors?" Grandma clutched the rail with both hands now, the damp tissue crushed in her palm. Elizabeth studied the scratched

gold lettering on the front of the hymnal. The men had moved the flowers aside and were hoisting the casket into the air. Grandma touched one hand to Uncle Peter's sleeve. "I wish your daddy could have been here, Pete. He loved Granny Maude like his own mother."

"He sees her, Mama. They're together right now, watching the whole show and getting a good laugh at all our silly crying."

The men with the casket moved down the aisle, and the people filed from the church into the cemetery, family first. Hands reached out and patted Elizabeth's arm as she walked next to her sister, but she did not acknowledge their touch: hands dry like paper touch warm skin, thought Elizabeth. I am young. My skin is soft.

At the graveside the preacher had set up an awning and enough chairs for the family. Meant to look like crushed velvet, a forest-green rug had been draped over the row of collapsible chairs. Elizabeth and Alice sat on either side of their mother; holding carefully to Uncle Peter's arm, Grandma eased herself into the last seat in the row. The pallbearers set the casket down on the planks that had been laid across the opening of the freshly dug grave, and the ladies from Granny Maude's Bible study carried the flowers from the church and arranged them around the casket. Silver coffin surrounded by zinnias, thought Elizabeth; elaborate euphemism of death. The preacher, his face lifted and his fleshy palms turned toward the sky, began to pray: "Oh, Heavenly Father, we know that Miss Maudie is with thee now, and we just thank thee for her long life among us . . ." Standing in the back, a white-haired man muttered, "Amen," his eyes staring at the ground and his fingers twitching on the brim of the ragged hat he held before him. The preacher's voice rose. "And we just ask thee, Father, for thy help and thy guidance



in the lonely days to come. Be with Miss Maudie's family, Lord; bless Martha, Miss Maudie's loving daughter. Bless Peter and Jean, Lord, and Jean's girls. They've come a long way to tell their great-grandma goodbye." Elizabeth shuddered.

gers gripped her hand; raspy voices murmured in her ear. Each knew her by name; they knew her life, had seen her grow up in the family photographs that Grandma cherished.

"So glad you could get away, Elizabeth. I know what it means to Martha to have her family together at a time like this."

"Aren't you the sweet one to come down here and be with your grandma!"

"Why, Lizzie honey, I hardly recognize you. You're getting to be a grown woman."

Nodding, Elizabeth smiled faintly at each one. I don't know you, she thought. How can you know me? They paused in front of her chair, leaning into her face, pressing their lips to her cheek, and then they passed on to Jean, and then to Alice and Uncle Peter and Grandma. I don't belong here. How can you know me? Elizabeth stared into their faces. How can you know me?

After the last of them had filed past and Uncle Peter had helped Grandma to her feet, Elizabeth stood with Alice at the edge of the cemetery and waited for the people to begin drifting toward their cars. Preparing to lower the casket into the earth, some of the men folded the chairs and moved the flowers away from the grave while the preacher muttered a final benediction. Uncle Peter tried to lead Grandma toward the car, but the old woman had to stop every few steps and speak to each of the people who stood clumped in little groups among the gravestones. Standing at the edge of the cemetery, Elizabeth watched her grandmother talking with the people, squeezing their hands between her own, leaning a little on Uncle Peter's arm. Granny Maude is gone, thought Elizabeth, but Grandma is not alone. It's safe here.

When Uncle Peter and Grandma finally reached the car, Elizabeth saw a stooped black woman step out of the shadows next to the church. The woman walked with her shoulders hunched together, one arm crossed before her, gripping the other just above the elbow. She nodded to Uncle Peter, then turned to Grandma and indicated a second woman standing in the long, late-afternoon shadows. "Me and Londie, we just wanted to say how sorry we was."

Grandma touched the woman's hand.

"Yes, I know. It was good of you to come. She was so fond of you, Rena Mae." The woman nodded again. Grandma turned back to the car. As the black women started toward the road, Grandma called after them. "I'll be needing you a little bit early tomorrow morning, Rena Mae. Pete likes a big breakfast."

"Yes'm. I'll be there."

Elizabeth's mother broke away from one of the groups of women and hurried toward the car. She looked back at her daughters. "We'll walk, Mom," Elizabeth called. "It's not dark yet." Jean got into the back seat of the car.

Elizabeth stood in the fading light and watched the two black women walk across the field. She heard the men on the other side of the cemetery begin to shovel dirt into the open grave. No, she thought, Clanton doesn't change. Not if you're old. Or black.

Alice had already started down the road toward Grandma's house. "No use standing in a graveyard all night, Liz. I'm not exactly anxious to get back to that house full of people myself, but this place gives me the creeps. Come on."

"I'm coming."

* * * * *

When they reached Grandma's home, a clapboard farmhouse about a quarter mile from the church, Elizabeth and Alice sat down on the porch swing. Wiping her hands on the apron tied about her waist, Jean came to the screen door. "I wish you girls would come on inside. Grandma wants to show you off."

Elizabeth nodded. "In a minute, Mom. We'll just be in the way if we go in now."

Jean looked at her daughters. "I dare say there's plenty to be done, if getting in the way is what you're worried about. You could make yourselves useful you know." Without waiting for an answer, she stepped back into the house, letting the screen door slam behind her. Elizabeth heard her mother cross the hall and enter the living room, greeting old neighbors and issuing instructions. "You can find a plate for those cold cuts in the cabinet to the right of the sink, Annie. Good Lord, Mary Grace must've

Washing the church windows golden-orange, the late afternoon sun glowed on the dry stubble of the nearby field. A crow flew from the top of a pine, calling rauously across the brown land. The weathered walls of the old gin building stood grey against the orange sky, its rusted roof blending with the sunset. The preacher prayed in the stillness, and the people, sagging and bent from work and age, stood with bowed heads and listened. Granny Maude belonged here, thought Elizabeth, here where the land stays the same, where the people stay the same, where nothing changes. Where do I belong? And then, looking past the people, looking across the dry fields, Elizabeth cried. Not for Granny Maude, who had died on the same ten-mile stretch of land she had been born on, not for Grandma, who would live alone in the big house now, but for herself, Elizabeth, nineteen-years-old and living the uncertain, parenthetical existence between childhood and independence. Where do I belong?

When the preacher breathed his last amen, the people moved forward and walked in front of the row of chairs where Elizabeth and the family sat. Wrinkled lips touched Elizabeth's cheek; vein-lined fin-

baked this lane cake. She won't touch a drop of liquor when it's in a glass, but she just drowns her lane cakes in it every time. This cake must have a gallon of white lightning in it."

Elizabeth leaned back into the swing. Night was falling quickly. The steady creaking of the swing and Alice's soft breathing were soothing sounds. She could hear an automobile droning in the distance. Listening to the cadence of the swing, to the shuffling of Alice's feet as she dragged them across the floorboards of the porch, she heard the droning of the automobile grow louder and louder until suddenly there were headlights shining on the windows of the house, and a *whoosh* like the sound of an airplane passing overhead; the headlights swung across the porch, and the car was gone.

"It's funny how loud a car sounds out here. I never notice it at home." Alice spoke softly.

Leaning back in the swing, Elizabeth closed her eyes and listened to the night. Crickets had begun to sound; in the plum tree on the other side of the road, a mockingbird sang. "Everything's different here," she said, "but nothing changes. Granny Maude sat in this swing before we were born, probably before even Mom was born. It's like the world just leaves this place alone."

"And that's exactly why we'd both go nuts if we had to stay here more than a day or two. Nothing but old people. Admit it, Elizabeth. No place on earth beats this place for boring."

"But at least it's predictable. I realize that you're too young to understand this, Alice, but there is something to be said for certainty. These people aren't going to leave; they know that they belong here and that when they die, someone will come to their funerals. But what kind of guarantees do we have? I don't even know where I'll be living in two years, much less where I'll die." Elizabeth sighed. "You'll see what I mean one day, Alice. There's just too damn much uncertainty in the world."

Elizabeth felt Alice sit up in the swing. "I've had just about as much of your wisdom as I can take in one night, professor. Even Grandma is better company than you and

your enlightened views on the nature of the universe."

Alice stepped into the hallway; the screen door slammed again. Elizabeth moved to the middle of the swing and heard the men in the living room call to her sister. "Hey, Alice, your grandma's been telling us that you want to be a doctor. I mean to tell you, the times are really changing. My boy's got two kids down at college. The girl wants to be a schoolteacher, a real noble profession, but his boy wants to be an actor. Now who would've thought that a peanut farmer like me would end up with a grandson wanting to be a movie star?"

Elizabeth sat in the barely moving swing and listened to the crickets, to the occasional whoosh of a passing car, to the laughter of the people in Grandma's living room. Granny Maude, how many nights did you sit here and listen?

* * * * *



The next morning Elizabeth walked beside her grandmother. "Come on and go to the store with me, Lizzie," she had said. "Rena Mae can finish the dishes. It'll be a nice walk and I need a few things for dinner anyway."

They walked slowly, Grandma leaning on a stick she had picked up at the foot of the porch steps. Except for a small path just beside the road, the grass was knee-high and gone to seed. As they were nearing the store, Elizabeth heard a quick rustling in the dry grass. About five yards from the road stood a ramshackle cottage, its doors removed and yellow straw spilling from the front room onto the porch. A small brown animal, its black eyes gleaming, crouched in

the shadows under the porch. Elizabeth took several steps toward the shack. The animal did not move. Squatting, Elizabeth bent to see better. The animal inched backward. "Grandma, it's just a little puppy."

Just then Elizabeth heard a low rumbling, like a motor idling, from under the porch. Shaking her stick at Elizabeth, Grandma called sharply from the side of the road. "You get away from there, Elizabeth, or that puppy's mama will have something to say about it. Those are wild dogs."

When they reached the store about five minutes later, the storekeeper was standing on the porch, refilling the soft-drink machine. An elderly woman sat in a rocker watching him. Grandma sank onto the bench near the door. "Hey, John, you better get some of the men together this afternoon and clean out that old Jenkins shack. Some dog has crawled under the porch and had puppies."

John nodded. "I'll go home and get my gun when Robby comes at lunchtime. I hear some wild dogs killed a bunch of his daddy's chickens a couple of nights ago. I know he'll want to help."

Elizabeth stared at the storekeeper. "I don't see why you can't just crawl under the porch and drag the puppies out."

John grinned at Elizabeth. "For someone in college, Elizabeth, you sure don't know much about life. The only way to keep a puppy from growing up to be a chicken-stealing dog is to kill it. Those are wild dogs, honey. They're meaner than wolves—they've got no natural fear of man."

Grandma fanned herself. "I tell you, that walk's going to get the best of me before long. It really makes you feel your age when there are young'uns around."

The shopkeeper stepped into the store. "You and Miss Ozie come on in, Miss Martha, and quit feeling sorry for yourself. I'll even treat to RC's all around, seeing as how we've got a visitor." John tugged his pants up over his belly and trudged into the back of the store. Elizabeth stared at the road. Puppies kill chickens. Granny Maude is dead. Turning abruptly, Elizabeth followed her grandmother into the store.

Grandma and Miss Ozie were sitting in rocking chairs under the open windows.

John arranged a new shipment of chewing tobacco on the counter. Taking a swallow of the soft drink John handed her, Grandma leaned back in the chair and stretched out her legs. "There ain't anything in this world better than an RC after a long walk; that's what Lizzie's grandpa used to say."

John looked up from the counter. "Lizzie's grandpa used to say a lot of things. His favorite was that the niggers and the Catholics were going to take over the world if somebody doesn't make them quit having so many babies."

Miss Ozie sat up in her chair. "I bet you haven't heard yet, Martha, with your house full of folks and all. They had to take old Glenn up to the hospital again last night. He was feeling funny in the chest, he said."

"Well, I don't wonder. He won't stick to the diet his doctor gave him. Kathryn cooks him the right food every meal, but he just comes down here to the store and fills up on potato chips and RCs."

Miss Ozie looked at the shopkeeper. "Martha's right. It does look like you could say something to him, John. Who owns this store anyway? Just quit selling Glenn that junk food and send him on home to his wife when he's hungry."

John winked at Elizabeth. "Now, Miss Ozie, you know how old people are; you can't tell them nothing. Some things just don't change, and Mr. Glenn is one of them."

Elizabeth walked to the window. Nothing changes here.

An old white Impala pulled onto the gravel in front of the store. "Hey, John," Elizabeth said, "you've got a customer."

John moved to the window and pushed the curtains aside. A black man stepped out of the car; leaving the door open, he lumbered toward the porch. John shook his head. "It's that Robinson boy who lives over behind the gin. Poor sucker. They say he's got a brain tumor, or maybe he's taking drugs, but anyway, he hasn't been right in the head since he got back from visiting his cousin in Miami."

The man stepped through the door. He didn't look toward the women, and neither one greeted him. "Got to have me some oil for the car."

John reached for two cans on a shelf

behind the counter. "Take your pick."

The man took one can and looked around the store uneasily. His eyes fluttered past Grandma and Miss Ozie; setting the can back on the counter, he muttered, "I guess I better go look in the car and see is this the right kind."

Elizabeth moved from the window to stand with John behind the counter. It doesn't change. Wild dogs kill chickens. Black women stand in the back of the church. Nothing changes.

And then the man was standing in the doorway, his eyes opened wide and his lips pulled taut across the tobacco-stained teeth. One hand hung beside him, the fingers curling and uncurling against the palm. His scuffed, mud-caked boots were just inside the door of the store. In his right hand he held a .22 pistol.

Elizabeth heard a car pass on the road in

front of the store. A breeze lifted the hem of the curtain at the window beside her. At the door the black man swallowed. Drops of sweat stood out on his lip.

"You just laugh is all you ever do. Mr. White Man thinks this old world is funny. Ain't nothing funny 'bout this world, but ya'll just laugh. You make me sick."

He began to fire wildly, not aiming at anything, just pulling the trigger. Grandma screamed. John dropped behind the counter. When he stood again, he was firing a pistol of his own.

* * *

John killed the crazy man, but he never knew whether it was one of his own bullets that killed Grandma, or one of the black man's. Elizabeth didn't care. She left Clanton before the funeral and never went back. ©

On Being North and Wishing South

If the sun came up—on you to wake—
 Warm your tender bones,
the morning shed its freezing tears on me—
 shock my eyes wide open.
Wonder what happened to you
 Why I'm so cold and you're so comfortable—
Wonder why I wake—
 Wet grass and aphids nestled in my ear
You—on fresh fluffed pillow
 Working on your winter tan,
Smoking cigarettes.
Your alarm clock never rings like mine—
You're never even alarmed.
 A penchant for comfort—
 that's what I like about you.

Robert J. Lotufo



Illustration by Sharon Rasmussen

Maple

High autumn, near November,
And glorious on a field of gray
The vermilion maple,
Swelling up into the deep well
Of deep blue,
Carrying us powerfully with it
In a youthful, rapturous reaching
Last night in bleached dream of middle-age,
Worn down by weariness and years,
I sullenly sought the Grail,
Still fought my way across gray fields,
Through a forest stripped of leaves,
And saw at last its far away vermilion blaze
Like a burning bush still marked the fence line.

Fred Donovan Hill

GALLERY



Portugese Rabela, Linocut by Sharon Rasmussen



Listening to the Dolls, Photolithograph by Betty Ragan



The Auburn Circle, Ink Drawing by Pony Boots



Intaglio by David Webb

ville, TN 37110



Dear Sir,
Sub: Request for Application Form for
Admission and Information regarding
Master's/Doctorate studies in Elect.
Engineering.

Re: Prayer

In continuation to my mid '72 most modestly by the Lord's immense colours - a Gold Medall examination of the the 5 Fine Arts under the the 5 also passed s.Com. Examina year 1964.

My persistent insistence, often, shall suffice enough in unstinted appreciation for your particular department for high esteem with the dream of by March-end, next session, at confronting an insuperable hurdle appertaining to my financial inv resources even, I being no match far too indigent to shoulder, any

As your glowing and unfailing upholding the cause of the Learning, wedded to pro the circumstances, on distress of tough people in consideration of my last Varsity Examination munificence, as you do shape of a Varsity Stud there, with of course, p

For this noble and signal magnanimity and munificence, and fervent thanks, shall and when.

Be it mentioned herein, in p subjects :- 1. Composition, 4. Sketch and 5. Graphic Art.

Necessary papers, 10 nos slide and request and requisition, the 'TOEFL' will be appeared at good self in response of kind co application form.

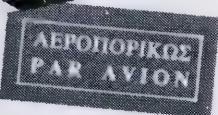
Thanking you, again, I am,

You may not find it an interesting letter since it has been written by an Engineer and you must be aware of the fact that engineers cannot write as good letters as others can, especially when compared to those who have had their education in Social Sciences. To top everything off you are holding such an office which I suppose receives only dry letters like mine. Even then I shall be waiting for your reply.

I would also like to be excused if I have not written your address or have not been able to address you correctly. This is so because it is quite difficult to get the proper address from different books/references which are available here. As far as the matter of addressing you is concerned, frankly speaking I have no means to know from a distance of thousands of miles whether you are a Mr., Mrs. or a Miss.

Graduate School
Beijing Inst of Agric. Mech.
Beijing, P.R. China

Dr. Don Richardson
The Graduate School
Auburn University
Auburn, Alabama 36849
U. S. A.



The Graduate School
Mary Martin Hall
Auburn University
Auburn, AL 36830
USA

How to Write to the Graduate School of Your Choice

*Humor by Don Richardson,
Associate Dean of The Auburn Graduate School*

Spring is the time when seniors and unsuccessful job seekers turn their thoughts toward graduate school. Because the competition for admission to the more prestigious graduate schools is so intense one can ill afford to waste time writing unproductive letters. What follows is a practical guide to letter writing for prospective graduate students based on actual letters received by the Graduate School at Auburn.

The initial contact sets the stage for later developments. Therefore, it is important that the very first letter establish the proper tone.

"I hope and pray that this letter finds you in sound health and happy moods."

"Dear sir, I'm always a hopefull person, so I believe, my wish will earn a special meaning at your mature personality as a science man. Please, accept my best wishes and respects."

"With profound respect and humble submission..."

"I have been quite appealed by the outstanding reputation of your school."

"I can hardly find any words to express how much I have looked forward to being one of students of Auburn University, every single piece of talks that I have heard from friends about your university makes me so exciting and dream for it all the time, like I already got the permission of your admission."

"I will be very grateful if this my few lines of words is considered with utmost fitness."

Having ingratiated yourself to the graduate admissions officer you should then describe the program in which you are interested and your qualifications for entering that program.

Currently, I am considering ensuing a graduate degree and Auburn University seems to be my first choice of schools that I would like to attend."

"I am interested in data communication and computer networks and as these fields are still in its infancy in my country so I need access to the pool of knowledge abundant in your country."

"I am a roubst person to endure that strenous exercises of studying abroad under different claimatic conditions."

"I am very interested in your post graduate training program in Fishing, Hunting, and Wild Life."

"I am the reciprocal of a master's degree."

"I guess it is time that you screen my application, and I really want you can give me information about this application. Furthermore, I believe my capacity and hardworking firmly."

If you have special needs or urges, mention them.

"I have the honor to introduce myself to you, hoping to have a concession with or without work for a complementry studding in one of the branches mentioned . . ."

If you are quiet, shy, or withdrawn . . .

"After completing my undergraduate study, I served in the Army as a reserved officer . . ."

Mention any awards or honors . . .

" . . . presenting a science paper at an annual Science Project Conference in Raleigh, N.C., and finally was awarded several monetary certificates and plagues on the yearly honorary's day."

If you have perfected a cloning technique, cite an example.

"Enclosed is a copy of Prof. Dunkelberger . . ."

Explain your performance on required admissions tests.

"My GRE score is poor because I had diarrhea just on the test day."

"I could not appear for my Graduate Record Examination (GRE) on 13th June, 1982 for my admission at your university in the Dept. of Soil Science due to the reason that I was stabbed and wounded while working on gas station as a cashier of 6th June, 1982."

"I got nervous at the TOEFL Exam so my score is very low."

Explain any unfortunate grades you may have received.

I am a student from Hong Kong. Since my spoken language are Cantonese and English, therefore, my poor Mandarin, inaddition to the frequent using of Chinese books, is more or less a burden to my study.

During the past three years of studying, I was active in attending the school functions and activities especially after I was elected to be the vice-chairman of the Overseas Student Association in 1978. Besides, I have got a part time job in helping my uncle since I was a freshman which was also time-consuming. Above all, I am not accustomed to the way of testing of several professors who only need recitations but not the true understanding and concepts testing. Moreover, I was suffered from a vertebrate hurt during a football match which causes me too much pain and somehow influences my study prolongly. Hence, I cannot get the deserved scores that really suits me indeed.

Describe unique physical characteristics.

Sex “human”

SEX
INSERT 1 OR 2
<input type="radio"/> O 1 MALE
28 2 FEMALE

Unique family situations . . .

“I’m married and 2 children, age 30.”

Be careful of typos . . .

“I am looking forward to rear from you.”

Be pleasant . . .

“. . . we will be very pleasant if you can send us all the requisitions and the description of the program at the graduate school.”

Clarify special requests . . .

“Please inform me of my status . . .”

“I am hoping to hear from you at your earliest convenience . . .”

Inquire about or describe your need for financial aid.

“I would like to have a fellowship, scholarship, or assistantship. In other words any ship will do.”

“I should like to know if the Auburn University awards scholarships for strangers . . .”

“. . . because of my wrecked financial condition it will be quite impossible for me to bear the expenses of study . . .”

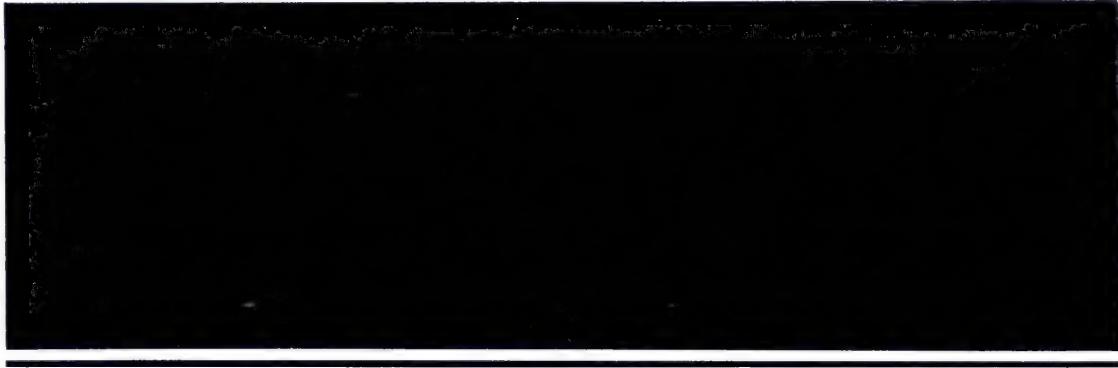
“Please include catalog, application, for admissions and student aid, loans, (Federal Insured), stip-ends, assistantships, etc . . .”

After spending an entire letter explaining why you should be admitted to the graduate school in spite of low grades, low test scores, and no money to pay fees, conclude with a blanket request for special consideration and perhaps intense supplication.

“Honourable sir, I humbly request you to kindly waive any condition which I do not fulfill and give me admission as a special case. Honourable sir, this will be a great act of kindness on a poor, hardworking, co-operative, right, needy and deserving man of human beings.”

If you are admitted and eventually complete your graduate degree but cannot be present for commencement . . .

“I wish to graduate in obscenity.” 



CHEBRATION

Illustrated Word by Clay C. Hodge

Blue Moon Café

you
in your poodlehair coat
started this—
winking past
rows of drinks and
sarah bernhardt.

suicide
is infectious,
i said.
but no one heard,
not even me.

and now
your face
is like a photograph
of wrinkled bedsheets
even when you're sleeping.

i,
six months invalid,
am still too young to die
and instead
trip over your shoes
as i reach for the door.

Pony Boots



Illustration by Eric Asuncion

Checkup time

I called the dentist

she said
June the 8th
one o'clock

I said
I'll be working

oh . . .
your summer is planned?

I said
my whole life . . .

James Wilson

Nocturne for Wallace Stevens

I lie naked and still
Beside my cat, your namesake.
He purrs, I doze, and your words

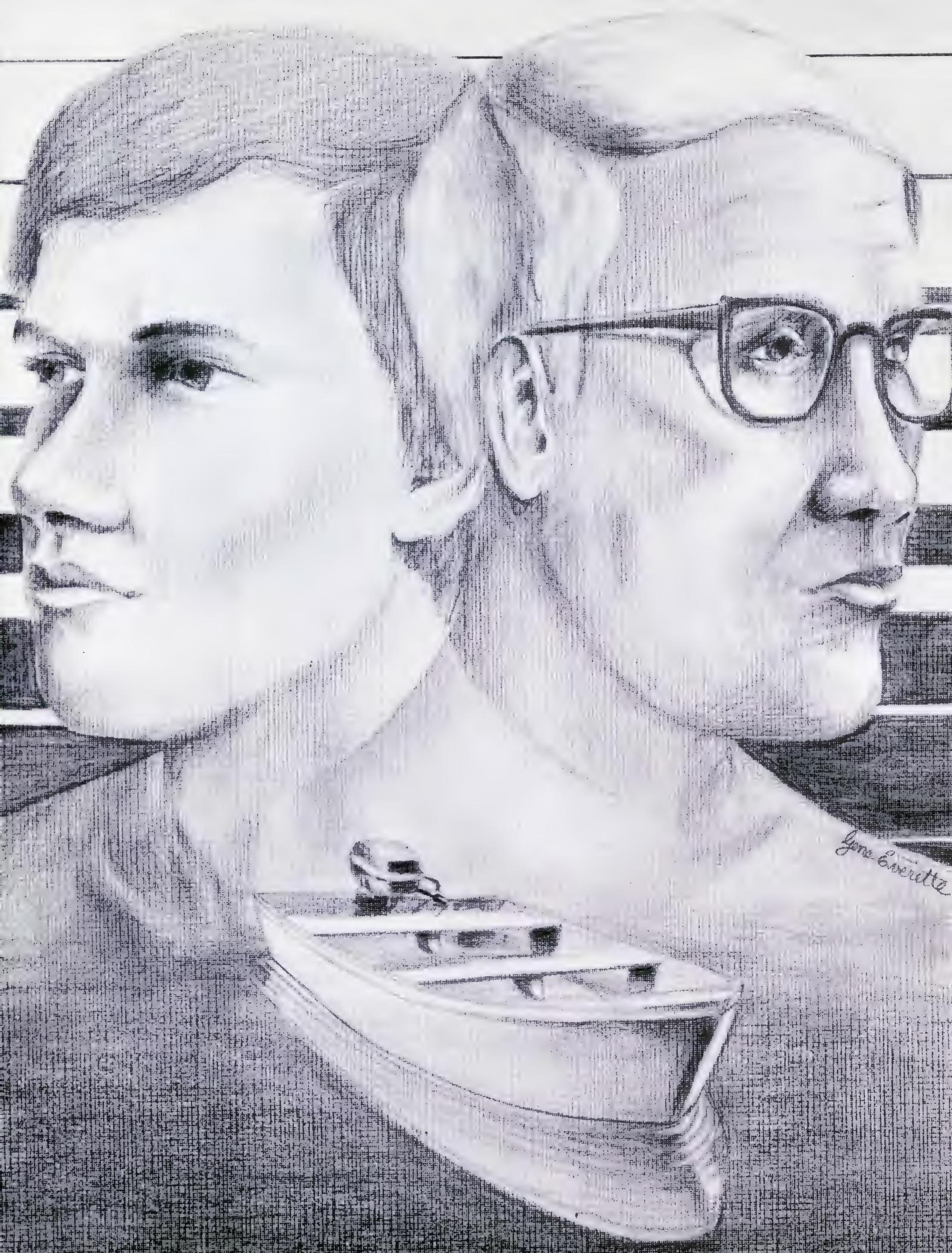
Move, muddled in my head,
Slowly, like oil coating glass.
The radio light glows blue.

The cat is large and gray.
Like you, and speaks the words
Only other cats can know.

His claws are exquisite, lucent,
Sliding white from his paws
Like sharp shards of china.

Cheap peach curtains turn the room
Pink by 6:34 a.m. on the dot.
Wallace wakes and wants to leave.

Steve Windham



A Father, a Son, a River

Honorable Mention, $\Sigma T \Delta$ Short Story Contest

Fiction by Paul Roberts

There was nothing remarkably different about my relationship with Father. We, like thousands of others, were just a father and a son getting by in the Concrete City. We had a common respect for each other, but for some reason we never ventured beyond the realm of the ordinary to accomplish together any act of fame—or infamy for that matter. There were, of course, those sons who were the budding stars on their dad's little league team. Buck and his father were this way. Every season brought a different sport, but it was always Buck and his dad side by side to and from the ballpark, and each birthday and holiday was marked by a brand new ball or jersey or trip to the Concrete City to watch the grown-up sons play for their fathers.

It was different for us.

I attempted my hand at a few sports and partially enjoyed them, but Father was often busy tending the store in the Concrete City, and I gradually hung up my cleats and moved aside for those sons and fathers who were going to achieve.

There were also dads like Richie's who had achieved much in the business of the Concrete City and had much to give in the way of things. I rarely saw Richie's dad, but I saw his love expressed in the trip to Hawaii, their second home in the country, and the brand new car on Richie's 16th birthday.

It was different for us.

Although Father was well established in the Concrete City, he chose not to lavish my sisters and me with an overabundance of things. I guess Father and I fell into the deep quagmire of Average. I called him Father, not "Coach" or "Pops" or "Old Man," and I was his son, not his "pal" or "sport" or "buddy." He worked hard and provided for his family, and I stayed in line and reported regularly on my activities; and although he was quiet, I never doubted

Father loved me. It was something else I feared. I was scared I would miss out on the great lessons a father has to teach his son. I was afraid I would never know Father well. These fears would still be hoarded away in the Concrete City if it had not been for the River.

Father was six feet of solid stature, a man whose appearance didn't captivate an audience at first glance, but whose character commanded honest attention after a test of time. He was often grave in demeanor. His lips were thin and without much color and even given to a downward turn. This resulted in a smile of sincerity rather than a smile worn for all occasions. His eyes were not distinct in color but full of concentration—concentration highlighted by his dark framed, practical glasses. The hair atop his solid forehead was thin yet very dark for his age. These features mixed in such a way as to present an image of stoutness and strength. There were no physical distractions in his features, only a message of solidity and certainty. This message came from the principles and values in his heart. Father was a man of conviction, not preference. He knew what to live by and what to live for, and he didn't care for the passing fancies of the Concrete City as a means of relaxation. To him relaxation was the River; not the ballpark, not the resort, but the River.

I think it was a mingling of the fear mentioned earlier and a hope of seeing that fear shattered that prompted me to go to the River with Father. We had long been fishing partners, but my college years had severely cramped the time we had together, and I was eager to capitalize on the opportunity.

After checking all the necessary equipment—rods, crickets, cold drinks, and the battery, we climbed into the old Buick and journeyed in silence away from the Con-

crete City and to the River. Upon arriving at the ramp, we threw everything into the scarred and beaten Feathercraft, a twelve-foot boat that had been a part of Father longer than I had. It seemed to symbolize his consistency and stability of character. Father, as he was prone to do all the work, launched the boat, parked the car, and took his seat at the rear of the Feathercraft.

After using the right touch of finesse and power to crank the testy little six horse-power motor, we headed up the River. It was a River day with a passive blue sky overhead that seemed to lack a sun and yet there were no clouds, only a reassuring warmth. The wind brought a cool sip of refreshing air, and the water was a smooth green that politely parted for our advance. I glanced back over my shoulder to see if Father were taking it all in. What I saw was more than I expected. His face was animated with color, and his eyes were still concentrating under the same glasses which were now topped with a pair of flip-up shades protruding at a right angle from the bridge of his eye glasses. Under this showcase, Father's eyes were charged with a new excitement and activity. The last thing I remembered as I turned back around was his genuine smile, which added to the complete warmth of the sunless sky.

We reached our favorite hole, and as Father cut the motor, there was sudden silence except for the backwash of the waves. It was a silence different than I had ever known, but it was peaceful. I was content to listen for a silent message all day, but Father soon poked me with my rod, and with a child-like zest in his voice, told me I would never catch anything sitting still.

We fished for a long while without any conversation that I remember, although we undoubtedly said "pass the crickets" or inquired if there was any action. What I do remember was Father and his actions. He

silently, yet proudly, pointed out things that I had not noticed, like the majestic, strong sail of the hawk overhead, the industrious pitter-patter of the muskrat on the shore, the tranquility of the sun-soaked turtle on an aged log, and the joyful colorburst of the leaping trout in midstream. These subtleties of nature were the things that Father treasured—they brought him to the River.

In time Father maneuvered the Feathercraft into the shade of a gigantic laurel bush firmly rooted on a mossy bank. As we ate lunch, I desperately wanted to ask Father more about the hawk—the muskrat—the turtle—the trout, but I refrained, realizing that they explained him; they were the furnishings of his character. He was like them in his strength, hard work, tranquility, and occasional bursts of color. I felt a wave of assurance move through me, and I was

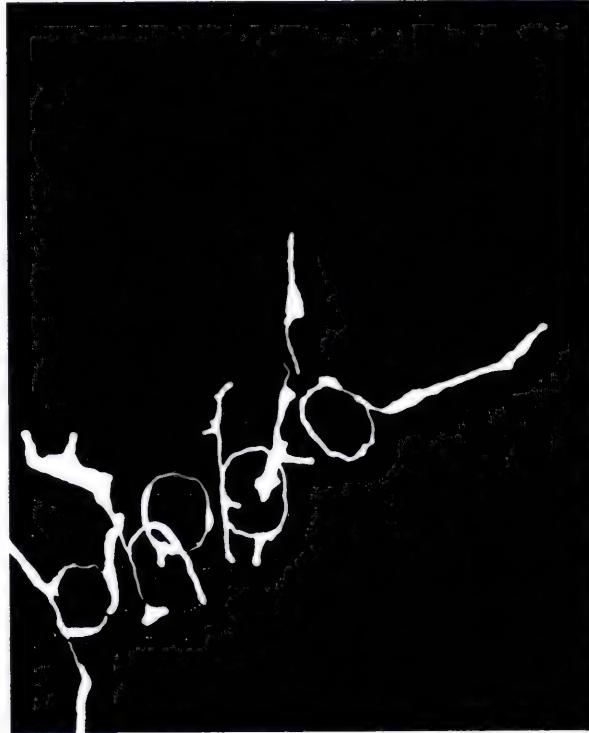
content to listen to the harmony of the cricket orchestra and watch Father eat his lunch, which was made by a "good woman" and "hit the spot just right."

When we resumed fishing, I was unable to concentrate because I wanted solely to observe Father and the deftness with which he handled the net, his tenderness in unhooking a trout, and the skill with which his carpenter-like hands threaded hooks, baited crickets, and operated spinning rods. I was alert to all of this, and I felt very serene and satisfied with the entire day.

By the time Father had made his last cast and decided to "leave some fish for next time," it was late afternoon. The same sweet breeze and routine hum of the motor accompanied us back down the River—a trip of greater significance and impact for me than the upstream one, as I sat snugly

with my feet propped up on the bow of the faithful Feathercraft.

With the boat out of the River, we simply reversed our process from the day's beginning, climbed back into the Buick and headed toward the Concrete City. As we drove off, the sun that seemed to be missing all day began to set in an array of dreamy red and soft purple. I struggled to speak because I wanted to say something fitting, but words wouldn't come. Playfully, Father reached over and grabbed my knee so as to make me jump in reflex and said, "I enjoyed it, son." With that squeeze I felt an outpouring of his love, his strength, his character. It was then that I understood the message of his face, the lessons I wanted to learn, the Father I wanted to know. As we approached the Concrete City, I smiled a genuine smile and knew that I loved my dad. ☺



Illustrated Word by Lori Goggans

Phobia

Tiny flecks of paint chipped
from an upstairs windowsill,
Hard black rubber burned
from a roller coaster ride
Into my hands.
I am always gripping too tightly.
But I am splinters, broken
cups and tangled hair.
Moody-eyed miswanderings.
You are odds and ends and
stumbling, but you are warm
and tempting sweet.
I will wrap myself around you soon
because I am afraid.
You will keep me from the edge
for now. Then one day I'll slip
and, frenzied, claw
And so you too will pry my fingers back
again.

Tina M. Tingle

Ojo de Dios

Which image?

The woman who gave me
a scrap of worn sarape
to tie over my knife wound
said, "Go with God."

On the wattle wall behind her
crossed sticks lashed with yarn
formed His eye, a rainbow of faith
an icon to simple design.

A bullethole patterning cracked glass
in the taxi's front windshield
focused the passing jungle
like a sniper's sure scope.

The iris and pupil
of a sun-frozen lizard, my image
caught small in his sight.

The mouth of a Cuervo bottle,
round as a tin coin,
mouth of the cistern at Chichén
where virgins were thrown
to guarantee ample rain.

This is the country where the eye of God
is always open, where trees
drop cocoanuts hollow as geodes
and the machete is a matter of fact.
The country of siesta, mañana,
the barter and ubiquitous bribe.
An Argentine woman running a nightclub
touched up her mascara, saying
how she hated her waiters
who were lazy and dangerous. She wished
Hitler was alive to wipe them out.
How close is the eye of God watching?
When I turn in my sleep,
dreams rip out my stitches.
I open my eyes to white sunlight,
dried blood and pain.

R. T. Smith

FORMS: Anne Johnson Leech



Limestone, 13"x9"x10"



Limestone, 22"x12"x15"



"Stone-woman: Mirror-image," limestone, 11"x11"x25"



Marble, 7"x7"x15"

'A rural Kentucky home, my family there, and a rich exposure to the impressions of nature provided the beginnings for these sculptures. Their creation was, for me, a recognition. Each unworked block of stone makes its own demands and arouses in me the need to be faithful to the qualities that they individually possess. An art degree from Auburn and a period of study in Italy have helped me to develop my techniques, and I hope eventually to sculpt larger and more challenging pieces for shopping malls, parks, the town square—there are no limits! My growth in sculpture is forever a new beginning.'



Limestone, 9"x10"x13"



The Gecko Lizard

Fiction by David Benson

Low-Moon-In-Sky tapped idly on the glass of his terrarium. The snake within ignored him. Low Moon bent down, pressing his face close to the glass, staring into the sidewinder's horned black eyes. He saw no cruelty in those lidless orbs—just assurance.

The young Indian reached into his pocket and pulled out a squirming gecko lizard. He held the snake's gaze and slid the terrarium's cover over enough to drop the lizard inside.

If the snake saw the gecko, it gave no indication. The only movement the sidewinder allowed itself was an occasional flicker of its black tongue.

The lizard, however, exploded into action the moment it touched bottom. Fear drove the creature into frenzied digging and scurrying about, until it was actually running over the sidewinder's dusky sand colored body.

Low Moon scrutinized predator and prey. He knew the snake would make no move toward the gecko as long as he was there, but still he watched. He watched for some sign from the snake that would acknowledge his presence, that would somehow say that the boy was more than some potential victim.

Low Moon finally gave up his vigil. He straightened, brushing dirt from his shirt and jeans, and turned away from his pet.

Noting the sun's position in the sky, the boy estimated that there were about three hours of daylight left, time enough to climb the mesa where his grandfather lived, and still be back to the reservation before dark.

Low Moon thought for a moment and then picked up his terrarium before starting out across the desert. Occasionally he'd scuff his moccasin in the silent, shifting sands, scarring the desert's face. Slowly though, the sands would filter back into his footprints, erasing all signs of his passing.

Painted Wolf knew of his grandson's approach long before the boy had reached the base of his mesa. The sudden swerving of vultures from deep in the desert to a point between the mesa and the reservation had told him of some activity below. The old warrior walked to the edge and watched the boy as he struggled up the side of the mesa with his terrarium. He allowed a wave of sympathy to wash over him. Painted Wolf knew that the load the fourteen-year-old boy bore now was nothing compared to the responsibility he would shoulder in a few days.

He permitted Low Moon to complete his climb and stand tall, facing him before speaking. "Set your terrarium down there, and come watch the sunset with me."

Low Moon set his glass cage down, noting that the gecko still scampered freely within. "I will come, grandfather, but I must be back to the reservation by nightfall. It can be a dangerous place," he said, pausing to watch his grandfather for some reaction. Seeing none, he continued, "and my sisters will need me."

The stiff formality between the two was painful, but the trial intervened in their friendship—the trial of Low Moon's father.

Grandfather and grandson walked to the western edge of the mesa. They watched the sun slip closer to the horizon, tinging the sands a bloody red.

The vultures had given up their hope of an easy meal and swung back out deep into the desert. With the sun as a backdrop, the birds became fiery demons wheeling low over the bloody desert, in continuous search.

"Tell me of the desert, grandfather," said Low Moon, breaking their reverie. "Tell me of the desert's ways."

Painted Wolf turned to the boy. He motioned to him to sit and then, drawing a pipe from a fold in his cloak, sat himself.

He lit the pipe and drew smoke slowly

into his lungs. Painted Wolf exhaled and again pulled on the pipe before handing it to Low Moon.

"You are a man now," he said, noting the questioning look in Low Moon's eyes.

The boy accepted the pipe and drew some of the bitter smoke.

"The desert is a harsh place, unforgiving of mistakes and trespasses," the old shaman began. "It is sand and rock and heat." Low Moon listened with his eyes and mind, as well as his ears. In Painted Wolf's face he could see the desert, sunburnt and dry. In his mind images formed. Some were real and foreboding, others surrealistic and almost inviting.

"Some people believe that the desert hates man," said Painted Wolf. "They're wrong. The desert doesn't hate—it exists. Its torments and agonies are not inflicted but are merely the normal course of desert life." Painted Wolf looked at the boy before him. Though Low Moon had already received his first feather, he was still little more than a child. Yet this child of fourteen would soon be responsible for the lives of two children younger than himself.

"The white man has given us his Bible, and in it we read of a place called hell." Painted Wolf stared straight into Low Moon's black eyes. "In that book we find that the evil man does not spend eternity in a frozen land. Nor is he cast into some fetid jungle. The evil man is thrown into a lake of fire. A place of heat and torment and agony. This Christian hell is a lot like the red man's desert." Painted Wolf leaned back, drawing on his pipe. He watched the vultures in the distance, wheeling before the bloody sunset.

"Will my father come back?" asked Low Moon, breaking the heavy silence. "Will he live through the trial?"

Painted Wolf stood and drew himself to full height. "Black Cloud knew the conse-

quences of his crime before he committed it," he said stonily. "He knew that five days in the deepest desert, naked of all save a single knife, is the punishment for murder."

"Murder!" cried Low Moon, jumping to his feet. "That wasn't murder! Black Cloud avenged the rape and killing of my mother!" Painted Wolf shook his head. The feathers

he wore tied in his hair were a dull red, colored by the sun. "No one may take the law into his own hands," he said softly, "not even the son of a shaman."

Low Moon's black eyes narrowed as he repeated his question. "Will my father return?"

The old warrior turned his head, tears

misting his vision. The young brave turned also, letting his gaze follow Painted Wolf's. There in the terrarium, Low Moon saw only the tail section protruding from the sidewinder's mouth. The rest had been swallowed by the snake. **C**



Charcoal Drawing by Carlton Nell

Someone Else's Poem
(for R. T. Smith)

Moon not set. Dawn arrives
with no regard for my lack
of sleep nor the words
still whistling in my head.
Chickens need to be fed, eggs
found in corners of the coop.
I can't remember a line I read
in a brown book and liked
so well . . . kitchen's too cold
for thinking till I stoke
the fire, twigs in first, old
catalogs, then dry pine
saplings to bring a blaze
for coffee. I warm my mind,
fit stiff fingers around
the pen, recall the song
the poet sang, seen through
my eyes, held in my hands,
". . . trim the wick, bank
the blaze, let each verse
clothe me like fur."
I sing it back to him.

Ree Young



MELVIN LEWIS

BEING BLACK AT AUBURN

A Student View From a Different Perspective

Essay by Pam Vines with Ruth Schowalter

Some of us call ourselves "spots." Everytime one of us walks into a classroom at Auburn, one of the uniform rows of white students becomes dotted with black. Having entered the classroom alone, we sit by ourselves wondering if another spot will enter and mar another perfect white row. We fear that the spot will come and sit beside us because we too are black; and we're afraid that arriving white students will veer away from us because we are black. We live with a perplexing uncertainty. Granted, all college students confront a certain barrage of fears, but the black student faces additional ones.

Questions like these riddle us: Is the dorm mother overly nice to us because we happen to be the only two black girls in the dorm? Did I receive a high grade because the professor felt an obligation to give the black girl a good grade? Did I get this low mark because I'm black? Does my work confirm some psychologist's theory that there is a relationship between race and intelligence? I can remember the times in freshman calculus when I sat there and wondered if my "28" was the lowest in the class.

In addition to these worrisome questions is the inevitable discomfort that a black student feels when the subject of blacks and civil rights enter classroom discussions. My political science professor followed me out of class one day after covering the Civil and Voting Rights Acts of 1964 and 1965 and asked me with concern if it bothered me to have him talk about it. Of course I agree that this subject should not be ignored, but I am always afraid that someone will snicker or remark sarcastically. And how am I to interpret these responses—are the students bigots, ignoramuses, or simply bored to death?

But there are other occasions in the classroom that must be observed with a certain amount of humor. One day my economics professor called on me twice and the other black girl once. I jokingly wondered if it was "pick-on-the-niggers-day." (Neither of us were able to answer the questions.) Another time an English professor suggested to the class that as patriotic confederates we take a course in Southern history. I found this remark quite amusing.

Around campus, outside the classroom, there are instances less amusing and a little more disturbing. Occasionally a sign appears on a dorm door: "Little Sister Rush—anyone interested please contact XXX." I know that this offer does not apply to me—even though it begins with "anyone." Last fall when I entered the gate at Jordan-Hare, I noticed the man checking the ID's; he was punching them picture-side down. When I presented him with mine—picture-side down—he turned it over, carefully checked my face against the picture and then turned it back over and punched it.

Once, I was desperate for someone to jog with, so I signed up with the UPC promotion. To my surprise one of the others on the list called me, and we scheduled an early morning run. I made the rest of my runs alone, but I can understand that he did not want to be seen jogging with a black girl.

Situations like these cause me to feel uneasy and this uneasiness extends to my dealings with other blacks. Let's face it—basically there is not much here socially for someone like me. I am a black female student. I'm nonathletic. And I choose not to associate with a black group. I have no desire to become Greek through one of the various black fraternities or sororities because of the stereotypes associated with them. I don't want to join the Afro-American Association (AAA) because I am not an African-American—I am just an American and that's all I want to be. There are other groups, and each group has its reputation. For instance, there is the group of girls who linger around the black athletes on the first floor of Haley Center and at Sewell.

My few black friends share my sentiments. We get to know other black students because blacks (spots) have a high visibility on the white Auburn campus. When we see someone unknown to us, we ask around and find out more about him.

I do associate with white students but not very successfully. Even though the women are more than acquaintances, they are less than friends. White men generally aren't interested in me. I realize that this will be true as long as I am in the South. I did accept an invitation to a free movie one night with a co-worker who happened to be white. I couldn't handle it. People stared at us and were hesitant to fill the seats around us. We went our separate ways as soon as the movie ended. Lucky for me no other blacks happened to be present. I knew that I was still free from the accusation "she likes white guys."

So what is here at Auburn for black students like me in addition to an education? Why don't we go to Tuscaloosa where there are more black students and consequently more black activities? Why don't we enroll at a black university like Tuskegee where our color is not remarkable? Because it is basically a white world. Most of us recognized this long before we packed our suitcases for college. We don't limit ourselves by thinking in black and white as far as our education is concerned. But once we are here, we are confronted with a certain dilemma. When we are ready to look beyond the pages of our books for some entertainment, do we join the black minority or do we attempt to break into the white majority? This uncertainty is just one of the obstacles we face everyday. ☺

Contributors

Compiled by Mari Beth Evans

LOUISE ALLEN is a senior majoring in visual arts.

An Honors Program graduate in English this June, **MARY ALLEN** plans to marry on St. Thomas More's Day this summer. Come fall she and her husband will be studying in France where Mary will be part of the *Moreana* staff.

Dr. ROBERT V. ANDELSON, professor of philosophy and member of the *Circle* editorial board, has authored one book and edited and co-authored another. One of his works has been widely reproduced in rhetoric textbooks.

ERIC ASUNCION is a senior majoring in visual arts.

VANN BAKER is a junior majoring in visual arts. His interest in design and printing began during high school when he co-edited an underground newspaper. The publication appeared only once.

A journalism major from Hell, Michigan, **DAVID BENSON** specializes in science fiction and horror (sometimes too horrible for the *Circle*). Living in Auburn with his wife, David collects old and rare comic books.

Leading the crusade to Abolish Sansabelt Slacks (and crepe-soled shoes), **PONY BOOTS** is pretending that Auburn is a little New York City (she even lives in a "Soho loft" over the Bike Shop). Pony has an insatiable desire to move to Berlin because its gray sky would make a nice background for all her pink clothes.

THOM BOTSFORD, a journalism professor and advisor to the *Plainsman*, still finds time to help the *Circle*, which he founded with the support of Jimmy Blake, a former SGA vice president.

Dr. Warren Flick, forest economist, has said that one would be surprised to learn how many foresters once planned to be ministers. **JOHN BRADLEY**, a graduate student in forestry, certainly fits into that category. "I don't, however, plan to preach to the trees!"

SUSAN CURTIS is a fourth year visual arts major.

"I like metaphors, roses, and kittens — a proper mix can occupy an imagination for a lifetime." So says **JACK D. COOK**, 09 AED and first place winner of the 1983 Sigma Tau Delta poetry contest.

JOHN DODD, publicity manager to the *Circle*, feels that the key to his existence in

this time-and-space-oriented universe has something to do with an inexpensive, industrial-strength room deodorizer.

LISA ESTES, a senior in visual arts majoring in illustration, shares her room with her Weimaraner, Max. Lisa, publicity artist for the *Circle*, watches David Letterman every night.

MARI BETH EVANS, a sophomore in-between majors, provided the *Circle* office with her whiz-kid typing skills, diplomacy, and sense of humor, and a good time was had by all.

GENE EVERETTE is a senior in visual arts, majoring in design.

JANET FARNHAM is a fourth year visual arts major.

ROB FRENCH is a graduating senior in visual communications majoring in illustration. He has worked with the production staff of the *Circle* for the past two years.

RICHARD FORREST FULLERTON, JR., 04 EH, composes punk rock music which is frequently heard on WEGL's infamous "Studio X." He enjoys playing rugby and, according to his neighbors, trying to ruin Western Civilization.

MICHAEL K. GERKEN, a senior in visual arts, says "I want to improve the world with better design."

LORI GOGGANS graduated winter quarter in visual arts.

VIVIAN HARPER is a senior majoring in visual arts.

Currently pursuing his Master's degree and teaching English at Auburn, **JOSEPH HARRISON** has an undergraduate degree from Yale and plans to do doctoral work at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore.

"My outside interests include collecting artifacts, fossils, and myself. When I grow up I have hopes of attaining maturity." Primarily, **WILLIAM DAVID HARTSHORN** enjoys success and thus far has "successfully enjoyed twenty-two years of childhood."

CATHERINE HATFIELD is a third year visual arts major.

Appropriately enough for her not so down-to-earth poetry, freshman **PANDORA HAYES** plans to major in aerospace engineering and hopes to work for NASA.

FRED DONOVAN HILL exists "somewhere between neurosis and cannibalism" while running the New Leaf Bookshop in downtown Auburn. This spring, Fred is publishing his first book, *Poems Out of Winter*.

CLAY C. HODGE is a sophomore majoring in visual arts.

FREDA HOLLINGSWORTH is a junior majoring in visual arts.

Special thanks to **BILLY JACK JONES** at University Printers for his patience, advice and friendship.

ELLEN JONES, a graduate student in French, paints to abstraction when she is not writing. Her secret ambition is to study art.

Thanks to editorial board member **MADDISON JONES'** creative writing class winter quarter, the *Circle* was flooded with numerous short stories, several of which are printed in this issue.

An artist since kindergarten, **NANCY JOSEPH** is now a graduating senior in visual arts who hopes that her work will take the world by storm.

ANNE LEECH, an Auburn alumna, spiced up the *Circle* office this past quarter when she submitted a photograph (printed in this issue) which demonstrates how a piece of her sculpture resembles the curves of her body.

MELVIN LEWIS is a junior majoring in visual arts.

A graduate student in English, **TIM LOCKHART** hopes one day to get a job feeding the seals at the San Diego Zoo.

MICKEY LOGUE, a professor of journalism and *Circle* editorial board member, continues to provide the magazine with good advice and ideas for articles.

ROB LOTUFO, a graduating senior in industrial design, will be leaving the South for his native New York later this spring.

KAYE LOVVORN, *Circle* advisor and *Alumnews* editor, is best known for her daily announcement "Coke time," which is in keeping with another familiar expression of hers: "Be consistent."

HEATHER MELESE, wife of an Auburn economics professor and mother of two children, audits various classes at Auburn and still finds time to be a freelance writer.

MELANIE MORRISON is a junior majoring in visual arts.

Recoiling in horror upon seeing her picture taken for this issue of the *Circle*, **MARIAN MOTLEY-CARCACHE** promptly took her Sigma Tau Delta prize money and bought \$47 worth of vitamins.

CARLTON NELL is a junior majoring in visual arts.

LETIA OWENS has been involved with the Auburn Dance Theater for four years, this year as a choreographer. After graduation in June, the journalism major plans to study at the National Journalism Center.

When he is not busy taking pictures for the *Plainsman*, **TOM PALMER** is working frantically to prepare his photography portfolio. Tom graduated this past fall with a degree in economics.

Children are intriguing to **JOSIE B. PARKER**, a 1979 graduate of Auburn with a B.A. in English. "Children fascinate me; the way they think, what they do, the intent with which they love and hate. I like finding the child in people I meet."

LISA PEACOCK, 04 EH, creative writer and student editor, surprised the *Circle* staff this spring when she signed up for a course in weight lifting—a definite anomaly to her ethereal nature.

KIM PREMEAUX is a junior majoring in visual arts. When she's not at Biggin, she's at the track running as a member of the AU track team.

LISA PUZON is a junior majoring in visual arts.

BETTY RAGAN is active in Studio 218 and an occasional sophomore majoring in visual arts.

SHARON RASMUSSEN is a senior majoring in visual arts.

HANK RAULERSON, an English major minoring in philosophy, is an Ernest Hemingway fan from Okeechobee, Florida.

KYLE RAUSCHKOLB graduated fall quarter in visual arts.

CAROLYN REED, a sophomore majoring in English, is active in the Russian Club and is a cellist in the Auburn University Symphony.

Walden enthusiast **BILLY RENKL** despises paper napkins and cuts his own hair. A lover of intense horror flicks, Billy is a sophomore visual arts major.

After graduation "sometime" next year, English major **MARGARET RENKL** hopes to get a teaching fellowship and pursue a Master's degree in English literature. A student editor this year, she will be editor of next year's *Circle*.

Associate Dean of the Graduate School, **DON RICHARDSON**'s hobbies include gardening, chess, and bridge, and backgammon.

PAUL ROBERTS, a graduating senior in English, wrote a positive story about his father with the hope of encouraging other students to develop their relationships with their parents.

CAROLE ROGERS is a junior majoring in visual arts.

After the euphoria of having this issue of the *Circle* finally put to press, **RUTH SCHOWALTER** (who tried to keep her sanity

while editing the *Circle* and working on her Master's thesis in English) would like to model the rest of her life after poet Emily Dickinson: dress in white and stay in seclusion.

ERIC SMITH is a third year visual arts major.

R.T. SMITH is an assistant professor of English at Auburn when he is not hiding out in Mexico. His latest book of poems is *From the High Dive*.

BEN STEWART is in his fourth year of architecture.

This is Professor **OXFORD STROUD**'s last year to promote the *Circle* in his advanced composition classes. As he retires the *Circle* wishes to thank him for all his years of service as an editorial board member and to charge him to use his free time to write.

Following in the footsteps of her sometime idol, John Berryman, **TINA TINGLE** has become a published confessional poet in this issue, which indicates the state to which she's come while juggling her honors thesis and *Circle* red tape.

TERRY TIRRES is a junior majoring in visual arts.

PAM VINES is a third year political science major who hopes to go to law school. Pam's sincerity and sense of humor has endeared her to the *Circle* staff.

CHARLOTTE WARD, professor of physics and *Circle* editorial board member, can be seen daily around Auburn on her bicycle; she and her husband have never owned a car.

DAVID WEBB is a junior majoring in visual arts.

MARY WELHAF is a third year visual arts major.

JAMES A. WILSON is a graduate student in political science currently researching and analyzing governmental regulation of public utilities.

STEVE WINDHAM is an English GTA working on a Master's thesis on Wallace Stevens. A former chef at the Greenhouse Restaurant, Steve extracts recipes from the *Poor Poet's Cookbook*.

A veterinarian in the Auburn area for ten years, **RALPH WOMER** is now trying to "break into poetry." Ralph was drawn to the *Circle* through one of Dave Hartshorn's poetry jam sessions.

Record someone's laugh on a 3x5 index card? See **DAVE YORK** for the results of his efforts displayed in a poem not printed in this issue.



Illustration by Terry Tirres

